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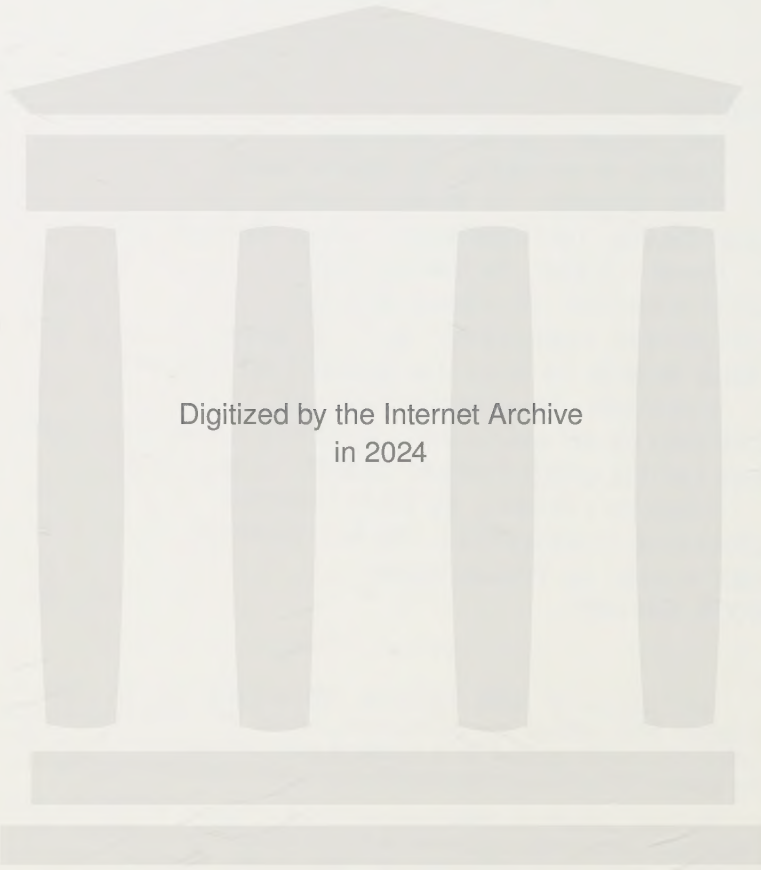
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Two Poems by Roy McFadden

SHEEPDOG TRIALS

Sheila and Roy and Mick: at Waterfoot
(Remember) they obeyed each whistled call,
Alive to each sly signal; the pursuit
And herding in of sheep was gentle, wise,
And moving to us watching at the edge.
They won again to-day the paper says.
And reading, I remember hill and hedge
Shaggy with rain, the tea and sandwiches
Sold in the corner of the barking field:
And, in the foreground, you embracing him,
The champion, who, tolerant, would yield
Neither to hand nor word, but sat erect
In solitary pride; no, pride is wrong:
In ancient loneliness; yes, gazing out
Across the sheep-pens, tilted towards the song
That slants like rain into remembering hearts.

NOTES FOR PERSEPHONE—13

October and the leaves again. Always
The sad voice stirs in me and speaks through me;
And always there have been the dead. Last year
Among the dying leaves the elegy
Sought out my voice as always. But now, here,

Without you (O so much) I fail to find
 The old nostalgia, the regretful look
 Over the shoulder, the heart-catching breath.
 Now I can sit and calmly read a book
 Because the mood is fact now, actual death :

What are leaves now when the tree is gone.
 But more : you are ahead now, and the past
 Has less now than at any time before.
 My thinking and my feeling are at last
 Directed forward : never any more

Shall I stand listening to a leaf's footfall,
 Lest I should not attend you when you call.

THREE IN BURREN

By Hugh Connell

" Well ! " said she,
 Lately come from a chock-a-block high-speed world,
 " What are these works begun continued and dropped ?
 Roads so snug round the contour-mouldings furled,
 Terrace on terrace built to the very top,
 Never flowed concrete so free ! "

I made reply—
 " Shall I put you wise ? Show the touch of the engineer
 In this panorama of run-ways and buttressed ramps,
 Of cunning bastions, of graded levels, and sheer
 Fantastic follies to humour a boss in the dumps,
 Please Balor's extravagant eye ? "

" Up yonder, see,
 A pinch of gravel that indolent workmen left,
 Spread roughly abroad in a ring—mud-castle way ;
 At the cliff-foot again, where the hazels encumber a cleft,
 Five stones like a card-house propped, more childish play—
 And the road here, that makes three

“ Light finger-prints,
 All Man can claim of this complex scene for himself.
 The Deep and his kind conceived it, the sea gave it birth,
 Tide, torrent and glacier laboured at terrace and shelf,
 Thermodynamics, tormenting the bowels of earth,
 Scored those plumb-straight rents.”

“ Be still ” said a third.
 “ Listen in darkness, green child and pedantic drone—
 Little your kindred guessed, who put names to the Rocks,
 Caher-lis-ananima, Oughtmama, Poul nabrone,
 The hidden marvels that probing minds would unlock—
 But who speaks the last word ? ”

Two Sonnets by Blanaid Salkeld

MONDAY

I have won to our pleasure and possession
 This garden with no serpent-in-a-tree.
 Come. It is but a step across the sea.
 Beauty goes deepening through the winter session.
 Days will spin round us in a dim procession.
 There is an assassin at liberty
 On every wind to aim a dart at me :
 Out of this shelter I make no digression.
 We, at the core—all else were evanescent
 But you're not come yet. Only I recite
 Potential joys, since none will bring you hither

You turn because the flowers about you wither ;
 The salt spray on your lips—you come in sight
 The core of life is peace, now you are present.

TUESDAY

It is a quiet place where we must halt :
 Plain earth, part polished by traffic of foot,
 And hoof and wheel ; a bare tree, the pursuit
 Of time has hustled out of life's assault ;
 A few rocks—the base fragment of some vault ;
 Lastly the quiet river, rest and root.
 I stoop and sip ; and now you follow suit.
 The black wave of Acheron is not salt.
 How can I rise and stain you with the fault
 Of my discourse ?—Seeing it is the end—
 Incorporate with silence, let us stand—
 Till we are pushed off from the savage land—
 To a bright Shore where friend abides with friend.
 The dark wave of Acheron is not salt.

THE DEATH OF DIARMUID

FROM DIARMUID AND GRAINNE

A PLAY

*By Padraic Fallon**(Sound of trees, and wind faintly).*

DIARMUID : I am here, Son of Cumhal.

FIONN : The moment is open and waiting for you, Grandson of Duibhne.

DIARMUID : You wanted something of me, Son of Cumhal ?

FIONN : Something you cannot afford to give me, Grandson of Duibhne. I am looking for your life.

DIARMUID : That is what I thought, Son of Cumhal. Have you made up your plan ?

FIONN : You ought to know by now that I never plan. I just think of something and I waken up and find it happening all around me.

(Urgent blast of horns. Shouting of men).

That is a good hunt that is going on there below us. Is it not? I could not plan that hunt, for instance—I merely thought about it. And again, it happens that our quarry is the great boar of Ben Bulben who is as often invisible as he is visible: I couldn't plan that he should be our quarry tonight and that he should be visible. I merely—considered it. Do you see?

DIARMUID: I see all that. But I do not see how you will kill me.

FIONN: I will not kill you. I have made oaths on that before sureties. But in a moment or two that hunt will reach the place where we two stand. I did not plan that, Grandson of Dubhine, for you know well that is a thing that no one can plan. I merely thought about it.

DIARMUID: You think, then, that this hunt will finish me, Son of Cumhal?

FIONN: I can warn you beforehand of great danger. In that way I can keep my oath to my sureties.

DIARMUID: It is a double-faced way. The other face of that warning is a challenge. I accept it. And, now, tell me what is there about this hunt that puts it beyond other hunts and so makes it dangerous to me?

FIONN: We hunt the wild boar of Ben Bulben.

DIARMUID: There is something you know about this boar than that I do not know.

FIONN: There is.

DIARMUID: I see you are willing to tell me, so I judge it is something you think will make me weak.

FIONN: That was my reason in meeting you here, Grandson of Duibhne.

DIARMUID: My guess was not wrong in that case, Son of Cumhal. Still, I will let you tell me.

FIONN: I knew you would, Grandson of Duibhne.

(Swirl of horns near).

DIARMUID: You will need to be quick. The hazels in the creggs down there are twisting as if there was a gale in them. I can guess that that boar is no right pig.

FIONN: He is no right pig, indeed, Grandson of Duibhne. And who should know that better than yourself, his first play-mate?

DIARMUID : If you tell me I was reared among swine, Fionn, I will give you the lie.

FIONN : It is in our knowledge that every one who is born into the light has a double that is born into the dark. And the deeds of the one are the shadowy deeds of the other, and though they work in different substances they are of equal strength and of equal fame in their separate worlds.

DIARMUID : Nothing new in that, Fionn.

FIONN : Only a thought I bring to it. My thought is that no two beings ever created can be exactly of equal strength. And in my opinion the question has not been settled as to whether a man or his double is the stronger.

DIARMUID : I am interested now, Son of Cumhal.

FIONN : I knew that you would be, Grandson of Duibhne. You will be more interested to learn that the great boar is your double.

DIARMUID : Ah. So we reach the spear point. You would like me to settle this great question once and for all ?

FIONN : I offer you the opportunity, Grandson of Duibhne.

DIARMUID : It is a mighty feat.

FIONN : It is almost certainly—death. But death is a challenge to a great fighter. Again, I offer you the only challenge that is worthy of you.

DIARMUID : No man has ever fought his double up to this ?

FIONN : It is not recorded that any man ever killed his double. The opportunity is—unique ? I think you cannot avoid it, Grandson of Duibhne.

DIARMUID : I do not avoid it. I am thinking that you must be the wisest man in the world. You play me like an instrument. And now I am here with a great fight before me, and I shorn of my greater weapons, my long spear and my great red dart and the blinding shield of Connla.

FIONN : It is the only way that you could be killed, Grandson of Duibhne.

DIARMUID : I can still stand aside and let the boar pass.

FIONN : You can do that.

DIARMUID : But in that case I will never know which of us is the stronger.

FIONN : That is the temptation I offer you, Grandson of Duibhne.

(Horns very near. A rushing wind).

Do I go the right way about killing you ?

DIARMUID : You were never wrong, Fionn. Stand aside now, and leave me a fair field. Will you lend me your dog, Bran ?

FIONN : No.

DIARMUID : I will make do with my own pup in that case. Is that the boar or a storm on the ridge there ?

FIONN : It is the boar. Grandson of Duibhne. The moment is about to close on you. And so I leave you, wishing long life—to the great boar of Ben Bulben.

(Ominous music swelling up. Sudden silence).

DIARMUID : Boar.

BOAR : Hero.

DIARMUID : You are claiming some relationship with me, Boar.

BOAR : Hero.

DIARMUID : Boar.

BOAR : I understood it was the other way around.

(A music like heavy laughter).

Hero. Do you recognise me, now ?

DIARMUID : Ah, is it you, Mocker ? I thought you were inside me not without and that I had strangled you long since.

BOAR : How could you strangle me ? You ran away. You ran into this feat and into that feat and from one love into another. But, look, I am here again. Do you remember me ?

DIARMUID : You were the dark that grimaced beyond my lamp.

BOAR : I was.

DIARMUID : Shapeless illnesses, secret strangling nightmares.

BOAR : That was I.

DIARMUID : The fear of sleep ?

BOAR : Yes.

DIARMUID : The huge obscenity that stood erect

On my top summits to shoot my unfledged arrows

At the star that glows in haggard women.

BOAR : Ho. Ho. Ho. You remember me, indeed.

DIARMUID : I do.

You made a misery of my first innocence.

You were the corruption in me when I was born.

The double face in all my women, the mockery
 In every feat that made me great. O how you were ready
 To invade my body in every hour of weakness.
 I think you are my enemy, Black Boar.

BOAR: I am. From your first squall you thought that you
 were thunder

From your first eye-ful of day you thought that you
 Dispensed yourself in light. And I couldn't think
 A thought through you. But if I hate you I
 Have served you, too, for it was my black mockery
 Drove you from shape to shape, from feat to feat.
 I made a hero of you, Grandson of Duibhne.

DIARMUID: That is news indeed. Why, I left you in
 The cradle with my swaddling clothes. I went
 Where you could not follow.

BOAR: You did all this
 But to prove you were greater than I could be.

DIARMUID: Have I not proved it?

(Music like harsh laughter).

Have I not proved it, Black Boar?

BOAR: You have proved nothing. Is the tree greater than
 The roots of the tree. It was my greatness you soaked
 Into your boughs, you leafed me, you stole from me, you
 Fruited, but I, too, had my triumphs underground.

DIARMUID: You think, then, you are the greater?

BOAR: I am certain of it. Where are your weapons?
 Where are your spears? Your great ray and your brown ray?
 And the blinding shield that tucks up men upon
 Their dazzled tracks like rabbits?

I think, Grandson of Duibhne,
 That you are in a decline and that it is now
 The moment to assert myself.

DIARMUID: It seems time, indeed, that we both asserted ourselves.
 How are we to fight?

BOAR: With every trick and sleight-of-hand we know.

DIARMUID: I am ready.

BOAR: And I am ready.

(Accompanying music).

DIARMUID: First, this spark of a dog at you.

BOAR: I swallow him for he is of my nature.

DIARMUID: This dart, then—

BOAR: —no good. I turn it.

I toss a tusk at you, now.

DIARMUID: And I burn it.

BOAR: I tug you into the earth.

DIARMUID: I pluck you into the air.

And now I straddle your back.

BOAR: I will gallop you into the Bear.

(The music takes the rhythm of an urgent gallop).

BOAR (*distantly*): Grandson of Duibhne.

DIARMUID: I hear you, Black Boar.

BOAR: Am I up or down?

DIARMUID: I think you are up.

BOAR: You are down, then?

DIARMUID: I do not know. I do not see you or feel you at all or know that you are here. I am travelling through a strange world and I see mighty feats that I must do.

(Music comes forward and fades again to backgrounds).

DIARMUID: Black Boar.

BOAR: I hear you, Grandson of Duibhne.

DIARMUID: Am I up or down?

BOAR: I think you are down.

DIARMUID: You are up, then?

BOAR: I do not know. I do not see you or feel you at all or know where you are. I am travelling through a strange world and I see mighty feats that I must do.

(Music comes forward and fades again to background).

BOAR: What feats are before you, Grandson of Duibhne?

DIARMUID: There is a tree that grows downwards, Black Boar and a giant in it who is scattering himself in marvels about a sacred garden—

BOAR: Oh. Oh. That is my garden, Grandson of Duibhne, but it is growing upwards into light.

DIARMUID: I will kill that giant and take over his garden.

BOAR: I have done so before you.

(Music comes forward and fades again into background).

DIARMUID : Black Boar, what feats are before you ?

BOAR : There is a tree that is growing up into the heavens, Diarmuid O Duibhane, and a giant in it who is scattering himself in marvels about a sacred garden—

DIARMUID : Oh. Oh. That is my garden, Black Boar, but it is growing downwards in purple flashes of dawns and dusks.

BOAR : I will kill the giant and take over his garden.

DIARMUID : I have done so before you.

(Music comes forward and fades again into background).

BOAR : Grandson of Duibhne, it seems to me that I am making a journey through you.

DIARMUID : Black Boar, it seems to me that I am journeying through you.

BOAR : That is no victory.

DIARMUID : That is no victory.

BOAR : We have but changed places.

DIARMUID : I have the dark now. Oh I am the dark now. Do you recognize me ?

BOAR : Ah, it is you, Mocker. I thought you were inside me, not without and that I had strangled you long since. You were the light that grimaced beyond my bed.

DIARMUID : I was.

BOAR : Shapeless strangling nightmares, secret illnesses.

DIARMUID : That was I.

BOAR : The fear of sleep.

DIARMUID : Yes.

BOAR : The tall and single God who stood erect

On my tall summits to shoot an arrow of light

At the star that glows in haggard women.

DIARMUID : Ho. Ho. Ho. You remember me, indeed.

BOAR : O my enemy.

DIARMUID : O my enemy.

BOAR : Can we not kill each other.

DIARMUID : We can try and try again. If I could only see you.

BOAR : If I could see you.

DIARMUID : I will kill you.

BOAR : I will kill you.

(Music comes forward furiously. Locked in it are the far shouts of men. It fades out in the distance).

NARRATOR : I close this scene with a sense of shock. Locked together the fighting pair fell in a thunder of light on the island of Tory and have left it a bald rock to the present day.

DIORRUING : I, Diorruing, the son of Dobar O Baoiscne, bear witness to that great fall.

NARRATOR : It is three score miles from Ben Bulben to that island, nonentity.

DIORRUING : Are you putting a doubt on my word ? I saw them strike and come tumbling over the sea in a great wheel. And down the side of Ireland they mowed a new coast-line till they burst on the top rock of Ben Bulben and set the sky alight. My elm-tree was shaking like a sapling. But when I saw the fire was gone out of the pair of them, I came running and found Ossian and Oscar and Fionn and the rest of them before me and a hundred yards of a space between Diarmuid and the Boar. And though each of them was without a stim of sense, and though they were broken into mince and charred as charcoal, Diarmuid was crawling towards the boar and the boar was crawling towards Diarmuid as if it was necessary for them to put a proper finish to the fight.

(Faint music and far voices).

NARRATOR Ah, when they touch each other,
 Hate and hate,
 Love and love,
 What happens to them, the brother and the
 brother ?

Ossian and Oscar and Caolte, they are bending pitifully above their comrade.

OSSIAN : It is I, Diarmuid, your comrade, Ossian.

OSCAR : Oscar is here, Diarmuid. Can you hear ?

CAOLTE : Diarmuid, this is Caolte. Can you see ?

OSCAR, OSSIAN, CAOLTE *(whispering)* : He does not hear us or see us. He does not know us at all.

OSSIAN : Fionn.

FIONN : I hear you, Ossian.

OSSIAN : There is a way to heal our comrade, the Grandson of Duibhne.

FIONN : If there is a way, I do not know it. Touch him, now, and he will dissolve into mist. Let him finish his journey to the boar and die having finished his task.

OSSIAN : Fionn, it is well known that you have only to take water from a running spring and sprinkle it on one who is wounded for that man to get on his feet again with no delay.

FIONN : Ossian, I will not heal the Grandson of Duibhne.

OSSIAN : It is justice that you should heal him.

FIONN : It is not justice.

OSSIAN : Does Fionn forget that night in the house of Derc when we feasted too well and were drugged and drowsy. Does Fionn forget the fireballs and the brands that came whirling among the rafters and the shouting outside of the men who besieged us. Does Fionn forget that none of us could rise to our feet but the Grandson of Duibhne who stood up in the height of his flaming hair and strode round the circuit of the house three times with spear and dart and flashing spear, taming the fires and putting order on all things about him ?

FIONN : I do not forget that, Ossian.

OSSIAN : I ask Fionn if he would have given to the Grandson of Duibhne that night a drink out of his fist ? Let Fionn reply to me.

FIANNA (*in a roar*) : Let Fionn reply.

FIONN : I would.

OSSIAN : In that case, there is a drink owing to the Grandson of Duibhne and it is justice that he gets it now.

FIANNA : That is but justice.

OSSIAN : Fionn.

FIONN : I hear you, Ossian.

OSSIAN : I demand justice for the Grandson of Duibhne.

FIONN : I cannot refuse. But there is no well near enough.

OSSIAN : That is not true, Fionn. Step ten paces back and you will find one at your heel.

FIONN : You demand much of me. And look, there is only fifty paces now between the Grandson of Duibhne and his death.

FIANNA : We demand justice, Son of Cumhal.

FIONN : I must submit to that demand. I will go to the well.

OSSIAN : And you must hurry, hurry.

VOICES : Can we not gather round the Grandson of Duibhne and hinder his advance towards the Boar.

FIONN : You cannot do that. It is only his will that keeps him together like a skin. Touch him and he falls apart.

(Accompaniment of strings. Faint drum-taps like footsteps).

FIONN : A wronged man
 Thinks only of his wrong.
 With his enemy under his hand should he be gentle
 As a girl in some old song ?

(Water sounds).

FIANNA : You must hurry, you must hurry, Son of Cumhal.

FIONN : My hands are in the water.
 Hands know no justice. Though I fold them up,
 Suddenly they think of Cormac's daughter—

(Flourish of strings).

And spill the water like a broken cup.

FIANNA : You have thrown down the water ?

FIONN : I have thrown down the water.
 Against that night in the house of Derc, I put a night
 in Tara when the Grandson of Duibhne filched the daughter
 of Cormac from my side.
 I say, now, that one night cancels out the other.
 So, I can refuse water to the Grandson of Duibhne.

OSSIAN AND THE FIANNA : Ah.

OSSIAN : Let one cancel the other ; but there is still another.
 Does Fionn remember a night in the house of the Quicken-
 wood when we sat down to a treacherous feast at the bidding
 of Midach. Does he forget how the music ceased and how
 the walls that were woven of summer turned into ice
 around us and we could not rise because our limbs were
 frozen and we did not know our bodies from the ground.
 Does he forget that when we were helpless like that, our
 enemies came around us, and that it was the Grandson of
 Duibhne who came to our aid, making three circuits round

the house with spear and dart and flashing sword, and when that was over and order spread around him, how he sat amongst us with his body-warmth till we thawed, and let his hot blood fall upon us till our lives returned to us.

FIONN : I remember that night, Ossian.

OSSIAN : I will ask Fionn if he would have given to the Grandson of Duibhne a drink out of his fist that night ?

FIANNA : Let Fionn reply.

FIONN : I would.

OSSIAN : In that case there is a drink owing to the Grandson of Duibhne and it is but justice that he gets it.

FIANNA : That is but justice.

OSSIAN : Fionn.

FIONN : I hear you, Ossian.

OSSIAN : I demand justice for the Grandson of Duibhne.

FIONN : I cannot refuse that. But there is not time enough.

OSSIAN : That is not true, Fionn. There are twenty paces still between the Grandson of Duibhne and the black Boar.

FIONN : You demand much of me.

FIANNA : We demand justice.

FIONN : I must submit to that demand.

FIANNA : You must hurry, hurry, Son of Cumhal.

FIONN : I will go to the well.

(Accompainment of strings and faint drumtaps).

FIANNA : O there are only fifteen paces now between the Boar and Diarmuid.

(Watersounds).

FIONN : My hands are not happy. They make a cup
Against their will. O my unjust hands,
From a fistful of water a woman's face looks up
Scorning the Son of Cumhal for a just man.

FIANNA : Seven paces, Fionn.

O hurry, hurry.

OSSIAN : Why do you dally, dally, Son of Cumhal.

(Slow ominous drumtaps in the background where a faintly heard voice is chanting the number of paces between the Boar and Diarmuid—Five, Four, &c., while Fionn speaks).

FIONN : It is now my feet. My feet are rebels.
 My feet refuse to carry me because
 This mocking woman in my fingers tells me
 Only a little love has laws.

VOICE : Three paces between them, now. O Son of Cumhal.

FIANNA : Two paces. O Son of Cumhal.

(Ominous chord).

VOICES : One pace. ONE.
 Ah. Ah.

(Ominous chord).

NARRATOR : The man and the Boar meet.
 They come together.

(Ominous chord).

And at once they disappear.

(Flourish).

LYLE DONAGHY

By George Buchanan

LYLE DONAGHY was born near Larne, County Antrim, on July 28, 1902, and died in Dublin on May 4, 1949. He was educated at Larne Grammar School and Trinity College, Dublin, and held a number of teaching posts in Ireland and England. During his years of early manhood in Dublin he acted occasionally at the Abbey Theatre, where, once, he produced, and himself acted in, Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*. His work, and indeed Lyle himself, soon attracted the attention of Yeats and A.E. A.E. offered to write a preface to a book of his lyrical poems, an offer which Lyle refused.

Lyle belonged to a generation reaching manhood after the first world war, a tragic generation, among whom it is difficult to point to many whose lives developed smoothly to a productive maturity. Lyle did not escape the unhappier side of that personal history. Especially in the years he spent in London, he suffered much, he had great mental strains ; and in his last years he was mostly alone, in cottages in Wicklow. He died at the early age of 47.

He was my earliest intellectual friend. Our homes were about a mile apart in the country ; and as far back as I can remember, Lyle, who was a little older than myself, and I romped at children's parties and rolled hoops under the eye of governesses on afternoon walks. At the age of 7 or 8 a more definite image emerges. We were on our own, we were playing with bows and arrows, climbing trees, wandering in the river-valley ; and within a year or so we were also talking about poetry. It is hard to know when this poetic discussion began ; it is as if it were always there, perhaps dormant at first. Before long our emulation, our showing of childish writings to one another, our reading of the poets to one another, was an established and basic fact which continued ever afterwards in our friendship.

I remember A.E. once said to me that Irish writers seemed to appear in pairs ; he instanced Yeats and himself, Austin Clarke and F. R. Higgins, Frank O'Connor and Sean O'Faolain, Lyle Donaghy and myself. On which remark later Frank O'Connor made this comment : " How otherwise could an Irish writer survive ? Without someone to support him at the beginning he would be crushed." Perhaps Lyle and I owe a debt to one another that is only cancelled by being mutual.

How many afternoons of childhood I associate with being with Lyle Donaghy in that river-valley in County Antrim, a mile or more from Larne ! There we were studious and primitive at the same time. In this blending of these two things usually separate lay the distinctive quality of our common child-back-ground. Even our roughest activities had a classical tang. When we built a hut with branches, this, we said, was how Ulysses, cast ashore in his wanderings, would have built it. When he threw a javelin Lyle did not omit to shout taunts after the manner of Hector or Achilles on the windy plains of Troy.

Between the ages of 10 and 15 we played, with others, open-air games on an enormous scale—hiding-and-seeking over miles of country. We even had battles in which we threw stones riskily ; on one occasion Lyle was struck above the eye, causing an anxiety of several days. At other times we lit a fire on a small rocky island in the river, and sat, my brother, myself and Lyle, in extraordinary converse. Masters of this little valley, we received into it all we had heard or read, and adjudicated upon it. We surveyed our life, with its simple and often thoughtful activities, which to us was not really childish, but as mature, in its own way, and as permanent, as a poem.

In such a setting it was to be expected that our minds should turn to the idea of coping in a natural rather than an urbanised environment. Rebellious and rough existence was the exciting thing. Our instinct led us to appreciate, when we glanced at the past, rearguard action against the march of imperial forces. Montezuma, for example, was greatly admired. Especially with Lyle, a frequent theme was the question raised in his mind by the adventure of Robinson Crusoe. How would *we* manage, whether on a desert island or elsewhere, if we had to fend actively for ourselves ? Lyle, whose father was an eloquent preacher and forcible personality, craved after the notion of independence—a tendency that was to grow in later life in a fashion that bred many difficulties for him. Lyle considered that, like Robinson Crusoe, one should learn to grow or kill one's own food, cook, make clothes, and do everything for oneself. At any moment—who could tell ?—one might become a solitary castaway.

The almost classic world of childhood, without hurry, began to dissipate a little, for us, during the First World War—not so much because of war-events, which were nil in our province, as because we seemed to enter a provisional “meantime,” where everything good was postponed, where nobody bothered or took much interest especially in the matters that seemed cardinal to us. Our imaginations had been inflamed by the world's greatest stories ; we did not yet realise that they were only offered to us, perfunctorily ; we didn't know how to adapt or shape to existing conditions the imaginings they provoked. Soon our talk of Ulysses and Hector would be regarded as child's talk or it would shrink to the mere size of our Greek language studies. We felt we were in contradiction to much around us, outside the valley.

But the valley itself, the enjoyment of nature, did not fail. All this was complete, static, plantlike : a communion of earth and blood. It was a happiness which had found expression in writers such as Wordsworth, although we knew little about that literary-social aspect, designated "romantic," which spoke in opposition to an industrial age. Our happiness existed, as we thought, in its own right, not as a cure to a disease of which we knew next to nothing. Industrialism had ventured only slightly into our neighbourhood, in mills, run by Yorkshiremen, at a village a quarter of a mile from my home. We, in our country enjoyment, had suffered no material harm from the industrial surge ; in this village it was near and friendly. But in Larne, and from Belfast, an atmosphere made itself felt—we were susceptible to it without comprehending it—that crept invisibly into behaviour and would become apparent in the coming years, would insidiously make itself felt inside our very homes.

And from that close communion with Nature, the seemingly endless hours of childhood and youth passed in our familiar landscape, Lyle brought forth later, in early manhood, all that poetry of his which speaks with a voice of lyrical freshness, still (in my opinion) unsurpassed.

I suppose our views might have been expressed in some such words as these : " We've grown in this countryside, in earnest well-meaning homes. We've loved and nourished ourselves deeply on all this—on the life of green valleys, and have prepared our spirits, as we imagine, for a good purpose." But we became increasingly conscious that such preparation—our most important education—was indeed of little account in the society which, as adults, we were soon to enter. As Nietzsche has said : " All education is detested that makes for loneliness, and has an aim above money-making, and requires a long time : men look askance on such serious education, as mere 'refined egoism' or 'immoral Epicureanism.' " Quite early Lyle and I were realise that our richest life became an underground activity, outside and concealed from the average social life of the province. We felt keyed to a total or universal society which included the green ways where we walked ; and had difficulty as yet in modifying it in favour of smaller conceptions. Lyle perhaps was never able sufficiently to make this necessary adaptation.

Although thoughtful or sometimes melancholy at our detached position, we didn't suffer from anxiety or guilt. At this stage we were often surprisingly confident . . . and in our own way happy. These long walks of our youth, our conversations and speaking of poems, and mingling with our green surroundings are among the things I shall remember best in my life. So keen were our conversations, occasionally we had difficulty in bringing them to an end. As Lyle went home, I walked as far as his gate; then he walked back with me as far as the rectory; and in this manner we went backwards and forwards on the road several times before we separated.

Something of the shape of this childhood that I have briefly pictured never left Lyle Donaghy's work. He himself stated a few months before he died: "We tend to write best of those things with which we grow up. This is the story of poetry in English, from Shakespeare to Yeats." He amplified his remark in these words: "When a poet during the first twenty years of his life has acquired intimate acquaintance with one environment and background, even if he remove to another, the earlier background and environment will tend eventually—that is, sooner or later—to continue to provide a large part and perhaps the more perfectly understood and creatively rendered part of his imagery and instances."

So he is a poet rooted in that landscape. He once said: "The greatest poetry, ever and always, shows an especially deep intimacy, and most often an old and gradually acquired, a long standing intimacy with its subject." He had that intimacy.

His work seemed to grow at first out of his experience in the natural scene: so that a cry of love, anger, or inexplicable longing would have a context of this familiar, loved and deeply understood landscape. Whatever he said in verse had thus an exact and authentic quality, and even his more careless lyric gestures were able to please. And he *was* careless, inclined to a bold, rather exaggerated statement—a feature of some of his ordinary conversations, unless he were halted by someone being particularly serious. He had often, as it were, to be held and captured and ordered to deliver himself truly by some danger or critical threat. He had none of the strict puritanism of a man of small talent; but could waste and be spendthrift with his powers, and throw off poems with the casualness of a poetic millionaire. A refreshing

change, mind you, among often niggling and vinegary literary men! But a certain economy is essential to the full growth of genius. Lyle was never economical, or careful, with himself or his poems. There were many aspects of his careless throwing-off of poems. He wrote political doggerel; he wrote philosophical arguments in abstract language, set out in the manner of free verse; he wrote diatribes and apologies.

Among his best poems are those of his early or middle period. These overflow with rich and natural detail, never merely trivial; often simple expressions of delight in the mere existence of such things; often expressions of strong love, taking in not only the loved person but the relevant landscape with a precise sensuality—a self-effacing love. These, though in loose forms, have a basic metre.

. . . she draws devotion to her as the sun

. . . my heart

Consumes to be a gum-secreting tree

Southward in warm-bosomed Killarney, in the land

Hibernia mea . . .

Such lines as these, we say, contain the tone of inevitable poetry, a tone that occurs too erratically, in passages rather than whole poems, passages such as this, about duck coming over the river Shannon at night:

No bigger matter was in their heads, be sure,

Than touched a spider on the closest flag,

Or sleeping-room in their Venice of reeds.

In an essay on Keats he spoke of the "mixing of earnest and jest," of "golden-toned poetry," of the "essentially fair and genial Shakespearean kind of outlook" consistent with "real-life zeal." Such phrases might be used about himself in his best periods.

But gradually, with the complexity of Dublin and then the overcomplexity of London, there evaporated from his verse an impression of any landscape; his verse grew abstract, not all of it, but much; and although he himself returned to a Wicklow landscape, that aspect of his poetry was never renewed in his last years. This work has less appeal; there is often a large groping for expression rather than a mastery of it; and yet occasionally the sun gleams through, and a good note is heard. The long loneliness of his final years in various cottages near Glendalough

gave a deep melancholy and a rocky bareness. Imaginatively, he was becoming, as at the first, a Crusoe on an island. His verse was philosophical and dry and often lofty-sublime in attitude; but it was also, as he himself said, "very largely, if not quite completely, autobiographical," and had become increasingly so during the past 18 to 20 years. Some of the cries sound like the cries of an actor in a tragedy:

*Is there no door upon committed vice?
No way that we may alter ills once done,
Although the whole soul be sick-terribly,
Weary of wrongs, and cry out for their end?*

In 1934 there is a poem with the title "Glacier, written in provisional contemplation of suicide" and it is followed by a poem "Written after 'Glacier'":

*I fought them as no man has fought
Who struggles in man-cactus caught
And to Laocoon's ending brought
Feels crushed at length each bone of tender thought.*

Even in his angers and his more abstract aberrations, the tone of his work has a rocklike security. We feel the repose of greatness underneath it.

THE RIDING STRANGERS

By T. H. Jones

GWILYM looked across Radnor, and saw the sun rising in the east. His thought was of girls with foxglove cheeks, and he longed to be a tall violent man to do all things easily. A poem ran in his head like a chime of bells, and he did not see the riding strangers on the road beneath him until they had almost gone by. Then he cried his morning courtesy to them. They drew rein, and looked up the ferned slopes. Gwilym saw with wonder that their faces were hidden behind masks.

They looked up at him in silence for as long as it might take a hawk to drop to the ground from the heart of the sun ; then the man called back Good-morning in a voice cold and distant as winter, and they rode on, the woman's laugh tinkling away on the wind.

All night Gwilym had lain across the four counties in the heat of love ; the crowing of the cocks had awakened him to run on the mountain-top and breathe in the arrival of spring. In faraway lands were the romantic ladies, but here the young season came timidly up the valleys until even the ancient endurance of the hills put on something of green and skipingly danced with the lambs in the bright, early morning.

But, black and strange, two riders, one a man and one a woman, were going up the valley before the spring and the morning. Cold was Gwilym's flesh and cold his heart to see them riding so easily and so certainly, because he knew that they were bringing terrible things to destroy his mountain peace.

He ran along the sheep-paths through the fern, following the riders. Once they looked back, and he heard the woman laugh again, deep in her throat, and he knew that they had seen him following them. But they rode on.

He came to a gully down the mountain-side where the fern sprang animally higher than his head. When he came out, he was above the cross-roads, and the riders were not to be seen. He trembled with fear and frustration. The riders came to bring strangeness, to do evil, and now that he had lost them from sight he could do nothing to prevent them. He ran down to the road to see if he could track them ; but the surface of the road was hard, and it was impossible to tell the fresh hoofprints. With slow steps he began to walk along the road to his home. No one would believe him if he told of the two masked riders. They would do their errand with none to prevent them, and go rejoicing whence they came. Gwilym was filled with fear and anger, so that darkness stood between him and the morning, a wintry cold between him and the spring. He spat his rage against the ragged sky ; his fear was a drag upon his legs.

When he arrived at the house, they told him his grandmother was at last dying ; the cold darkness became a sickness in his stomach and his throat. The house was in his mother's care and domination ; and the approaching death, so long expected,

made little upset. Indeed, his mother was admirable ; at the supreme moments of birth and death, the only moments of real importance in the drab ticking away of time, she lost her fecklessness, becoming a woman of power and knowledge, a wise woman, old as the hills.

Gwilym hated her as if she had been welcoming to the black male rider with the cold voice. He hated all the living people in the house ; all his love went in an impotent flood to the little grandmother dying on the upstairs bed. It was too cruel of the rider to come for her and ignore all the vivid life of the house. *They* were capable of good and evil ; *she* had long ago subsided into the neutrality of gentleness, a tiny, shrivelled body, and a mind secure in the sweet memories of childhood and young love. But death, cruel and pointless, took the old and gentle, leaving alone the bright harshness of the young. Gwilym went into the stable, and hit the pony, then wept into its mane.

The grandmother died at midday. Gwilym could not eat his broth, tasting the new mould of the grave in it. He came to a terrible thought : Who was the other rider, the woman who had laughed ? Feeling the hot breath of hounds on his neck, he fled over the hills.

Lying on the cold, resilient feg, hating the wayward inevitability of death, he knew his love to be perverse, malignant. In the glory of the rising sun he had loved girls with deep hair and cheeks of foxglove, women with eyes darker than the night and swanwhite breasts. And now into cold grass he was weeping love for a little bundle of bones that would in a day or two make scanty feeding for the worms. Death was wrong to take the old in their gentleness instead of the young, the capable of bitterness and evil ; but Gwilym knew himself to be wrong too, loving the old and mindless, the withered flesh, and not the young, palpitating life. He was denying the springtime, denying himself. He wept into the dark, cold earth. There had been two strange riders in the morning, and he was afraid to move lest he meet the second one whose laugh had put a frightened exultance into his belly.

The pale sun went across the sky ; he grew cold and weary, and he had no more tears. He rose, and laughing, made water where his tears had run. Then he rubbed his eyes with his sleeve, and began to walk home. There had been two riders, and there was no escape. He began to make a poem about love, but he

could not keep corpses out of it, and gave it up. Night was coming, and in the night were rich dreams, when the bright mystery of women turned to loving-kindness. He no longer wished to escape the second rider.

After his tea he had to take a message to a farm a mile away down the valley. The cool, faintly scented evening filled him again with something of the delight he had known in the morning, and he whistled as he walked.

At the farm they gave him apple-tart and milk in a tall, white jug with coyly amorous birds upon its sides. Faces had strange gleams and shadows from the leaping firelight, and voices hovered softly, richly mysteriously, in the dusk, reluctant to die away. A motherless lamb, wrapped in sacking on the fender, looked at once forlorn and contented, and the dogs were exuberantly friendly. It was a warm house of life ; and Gwilym suddenly remembered his dead grandmother, and was sad that the memory of her should be only for a little while. He wished he had been kinder to her when she was alive, and that he had not once shut her up for a whole afternoon in the hen-house, and that he had not cheated her at German Whist and Strip-Jack-Naked.

Myfanwy came to send him on his way home. They did not talk much. In the orchard she took his hand. The firm, unfevered contact whirled him madly through the heavens, and deposited him at some dark core of stillness where he forgot his grandmother and the fact of death and the coming funeral. He did not even remember his dreams in the night or his vivid dawn imaginings. Flesh touched flesh, and was comforted.

They lay on grass and flowers. Her arms were honeysuckle about him. Softly they murmured words of love.

And words from the Bible came into his mind : " Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground, and die . . ." He was a corn of wheat, fair, and dying, dead, to rise into the strangeness and the beauty of new life. His wonder and his tenderness sought for words and could not find them.

When the moon rose, and showed their nakedness, they shivered, knowing it was time to part.

He stood watching Myfanwy running back along the orchard path ; when she was out of sight the sound of running went on, louder, louder, was the sound of hooves on the road, a gallop of triumph. The riders who had come in the morning were departing. Gwilym wept against an apple-tree and was reluctant to go home.

IRISH WORDS IN WILLIAM BLAKE'S MYTHOLOGY

By Elizabeth O'Higgins

(FROM WORK IN PROGRESS)

(Concluded)

The Ungenerate Sons of Los.

Rintrah *** ghrian treaghtha, vocative, pronounced 'ree-an-tra-ha' 'the piercing sun.' Rintrah is wrath, he is the sun, he is the just upright man. The flag of Brian Boru showed the sunburst. When in the engraving known as "Glad Day", Blake wished to indicate that he was taking his stand on the hill of his fathers, he placed himself in front of a sunburst. Finn's flag according to 'Ossian' was the sunbeam. "We reared the sunbeam of battle; the standard of the king." 'Ossian' adds a footnote "To begin a battle is expressed in old composition by *lifting of the sunbeam*."

The Irish name for sunray means 'a javelin of the sun.' Blake asks in "Milton":—

"Can such an Eye [*i.e.*, the Vegetated Eye] judge of the stars? and looking through its tubes

Measure the sunny rays that point their spears on Udan Adan?"

Palamabron is the moon, the inconstant moon. He is pity which "divides the soul and man unmans."

While Blake's mythological characters are intended to have wide reference, some of them are undoubtedly associated by Blake with one particular O'Neill. If this seems excessive family pride, we must remember that no writer, trying to find a pattern in history, ever enjoyed Blake's fortune to have in the history of his own family an ample field in which to study the motives that precipitate "the great events of time." Rintrah could be no other than Owen Roe, just, upright, single-minded, inflexible. It was of him Blake wrote the couplet: "Great things are done when men and mountains meet. This is not done by jostling in the street."

Blake was recalling the grotesque inadequacy of the dignitaries of the Council of Kilkenny and the improvising of literary shows, during one of the great crises in Irish history, while Owen Roe, thwarted at every turn, consoled his followers in the mountains, saying "we and our royal allies, the mountains" would yet be a match for all enemies.

The sun and the moon are natural opposites; the natural opposite to Owen Roe in relation to Irish events of their time was Phelim O'Neill, who led the North at the start of the insurrection of 1641. Phelim produced a document which, he said, was Charles I's call to the Irish people to rise against the Parliament. Poor Phelim made a muddle of his life and his death: his fate must have inspired in Blake an exasperated pity. Milton believed that Phelim's Proclamation was authorised by Charles. When Phelim was captured by the Cromwellians, they offered him his life, if he would declare the document genuine. He refused and was hanged.

My suggestion is that Palamabron *** Phelim mo bhroin, pronounced 'mavrone,' 'Phelim of my sorrow.' Blake restored the unaspirated b of 'bron' 'sorrow' If he had not, anyone who knew Ireland should be able to recognise the word. For 'mavrone,' 'my sorrow' 'alas', was an expression in very frequent use in Ireland.

If this hypothesis is correct, Blake is referring to Phelim's unhappy end in the difficult passage:—

"Then Palamabron called down a great solemn Assembly
That he who will not defend the truth may be compelled
To defend a lie, that he may be snared and caught and
taken."

It would, of course, also mean that Blake knew, or believed, that Phelim did not forge the document.

Theotormon *** Theo-tormain 'God of the whirlwind,' theo—being the Greek prefix. "The god of the whirlwind" comes of course from "Job." Theotormon first appears in the "Visions of the Daughters of Albion." This poem, like "Tiriell", is full of echoes of 'Job.' The story of Job fascinated Blake throughout his life, because he saw in it an image of the fall of his race. Theotormon is the fear-driven, restrictive religion of Urizen, as opposed to the spontaneous charity of brotherhood. Blake's opinion of religion, and of the rôle of religions in

Irish history, underlie the "Visions," in which Theotormon is Blake himself, "drunken with woe forgotten," hesitating to take his place with the fighting O'Neills. The poem expresses early doubts of Blake, to which the moment represented in "Glad Day" was the triumphant conclusion. We must remember that the attitude of a descendant of the great O'Neills to the cause of Ireland, could not be simple.

They were not defeated by England, not Conn, nor Shane, nor Hugh, nor Owen Roe. They were beaten because Irishmen not only failed to support them in the common cause, but actually fought against them. And, as Blake insisted, "It is easier to forgive an enemy than to forgive a friend."

Bromion is the invader. No term of abuse for the colonist was more frequent in Ireland than "the churl," "the Saxon churl," most familiar, perhaps, in Hugh O'Neill's passionate words during the Elizabethan wars: "I hate the churl as if he came yesterday." Probably, therefore, Bromion *** broman, 'a boor.'

The emanations of Los's ungenerate sons.

Ocalythron, emanation of Rintrah, *** Ocha-liathran. 'Ocha' is 'water' and 'liathran,' according to Dinneen, is "the grey colour of the sky." By Ocalythron, Blake would mean 'a grey watery sky.' Ocalythron is described as "jealous." Enitharmon asks about her "Weeps she in desert shades?" Blake describes the cloud as "the sun's tabernacle," and the emanation of a male as his tabernacle.

Elynittria *** eileanna truagha, "spells of pity." Blake conceives the moon as waking pity in the beholder by its enchantments. He changes 'ua' at the end of his word to a familiar feminine ending.

Oothoon *** Oithona in 'Ossian's' poem of that name. In the Ossianic tale, Oithona is ravished. Blake names the "youthful form of Erin" Dinah which *** duine, 'a human being.' But he chose this name, because it would recall Dinah, the daughter of Jacob, who was ravished by a foreigner. Oothoon is Irish liberty, as Jerusalem is liberty in general. Blake calls her "the soft soul of America." He used Erin and America indifferently as the symbol of liberty, because both revolted against Albion's rule.

Leutha the rainbow, symbolizing Ireland, *** *Lutha* in 'Ossian.' The "maid of *Lutha*" is *Malvina*, loved by *Oscar*, the greatest fighter among the Fenians. *Oscar* was killed, and it was, therefore, with *Malvina* in particular that *Ossian*, *Oscar's* father, lamented the fall of the Fenians. The appropriateness of *Blake's* choice of *Leutha* as a name for Ireland is obvious. One passage of *Ossian*, spoken by *Malvina*, shows *Blake's* debt to *Ossian* :—

"*Malvina* is like the *bow of the shower* in the secret valley of streams ; it is bright, but the drops of heaven are rolling in its blended light. They say that I am fair within my locks, but in my brightness is the wandering of tears Young virgins of *Lutha* arise, call back the wandering thoughts of *Malvina*. Awake the voice of the harp along my echoing vale."

By the Vale of *Leutha*, *Blake* means Ireland. In "*Milton*," *Oothoon* and *Leutha* are the Irish Jerusalem and Vala.

Other names in "Europe."

Antamon *** an taom, older form an teadh, 'the rain drop.' *Antamon* is associated with *Leutha*. Note in the passage just quoted from "*Ossian*" : "the drops of heaven are rolling in its blended light."

Ethinthus *** fhaoithean-tais 'spirit of evening,' i.e., the Evening Star. *Blake's* description of *Ethinthus* in "*Europe*" recalls not so much his own early poem as *Ossian's* address to the evening star :—"The waves come with joy around thee: they bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou silent beam."

In the list of *Los's* children in "*Vala*," the son who corresponds in order in the list to *Ethinthus* is *Ohana* which *** athainne 'an ember,' a 'fire-brand.' He is the "bright torch of love" of *Blake's* poem "*To the Evening Star*."

Manathu—*Varcyon* (or *Vorcyon*) *** m'ana thu, bharr cu an 'my treasure (art) thou, o conqueror of noble heroes.' Note that *Blake* by his two spellings indicates that he represents Irish 'a' by English 'a' or 'o.' *Manathu*—*Varcyon* is 'desire,' as the description in "*Europe*" reveals. Interesting to have a whole good Irish sentence from *Blake*. The sentence is interesting also because it shows that *Blake's* image of desire was most probably *Fand*, the fairy who lured *Cuchullin*

to Magh Mell, the Irish Paradise : the story is told in "The Sick-bed of Cuchullin." In a long poem in the tale, we read this description of Fand :—

"She wounds every man to the heart
With the love she inspires . . .
But the woman I speak of now
Would drive entire armies to madness."

The story goes on :

"Fann is the daughter of Aed : Aed means fire, and he is the fire of the eye's pupil." In the list of Los's children, the son who corresponds to Manathu-Varcyon is Ozoth. Blake elsewhere mentions "the sons of Ozoth within the optic nerve." Ozoth *** fhas-fhath, vocative, 'a growth of buds' Fath—according to Dinneen, means the 'eye of a potato,' 'a bud, a sprout.'

Sotha and Thiralatha (once spelled Diralada), "secret dwellers in dreamful caves" are invited by Enitharmon to please Orc with "their melodious songs." They are the musician and the Druidic poet. As Rolleston says, "Wizardry, poetry and science were all united in one conception in the mind of the ancient Irish."

Sotha *** seotha, 'whisperings, murmurings.' The word is familiar in seo-tho, 'a lullaby.'

Thiralatha or Diralada. In Ossian's "Fingal," there is a passage that Blake would have read with special interest, in which Lamdarg, *i.e.*, 'Red hand' an Ulster chief sends a messenger to a Druid to enquire where his missing love is. The Druid's name is *Allad*. The messenger addresses him : "Allad, dweller of rocks . . . peace to thy dreams in the cave."

There is further evidence that Blake's Thiralatha is associated with Ossian. In a fragment, supposed to have originally belonged to "America," Blake wrote :—

"As when a dream of Thiralatha flies the midnight hour :
In vain the dreamer grasps the joyful images, they fly
Seen in obscured traces in the Vale of Leutha, So
The British Colonies beneath the woeful Prince's fade."

Compare this from Ossian :—

“ As the spirit, seen in a dream, flies off from our opening eyes, we think we behold his bright light between the closing hills ; So fled the daughter of Clungal, from the sight of Clonar of shields . . . my path is towards green Erin.”

From all this we might suppose that Blake derived Alada from Allad, the Ossianic druid. But why Thir- or Dir-? In Tiriell, Tir is certainly associated with Irish *tiar* ‘west.’ But there would not be much point in calling a Druid a western Druid.

The answer, tedious in itself, leads us to further sources of Blake’s thought.

A work on Irish antiquities by Vallancey, called “ *Collectanea de rebus Hibernicis*,” was published in Blake’s lifetime. It contains an important reference, to which I shall return later, to a work by John Cleland. This Cleland published another book in London in 1768, called “ *Specimen of an Etimological Vocabulary or Essay by means of the Analitic Method to Retrieve the Antient Celtic*.” In a passage about “ *Dracontium or Serpentine Temple and Templa alata*,” Cleland claims that Tir (which in Irish means land), in connection with temples, is applied to the precinct-ground or verge of their influence. He thought that *alata* in *templa alata*, comes from *Al* or *Hall*, ‘hall,’ and that *templa alata* meant druid churches with collateral halls where the Druids administered justice. We need not concern ourselves with the value of Cleland’s theories : what is important is that Blake read him with care, and derived from him the notion that the Tir around the temple was the place where the Druid exercised his function of law-giver. It was the *thir Allada* (*i.e.*, justice seat of the Druid Allad) or it was the *thir alatha* substituting *tir* for *templa*. The general idea that emerges is that by *Thiralatha* Blake meant the Druid law-giver. This interpretation would explain a difficult passage in the *Song of Los* :—

“ The human race began to wither, for the healthy built
Secluded places, fearing the joys of love

And the diseased only propagated.

So Antamon called up Leutha from her valleys of delight
And to Mahomet a loose Bible gave

But, in the north, to Odin, Sotha gave a code of war,
Because of Diralada, thinking to reclaim his joy.”

By the last two lines, Blake means that Sotha, *i.e.*, the spirit of music, the creative genius, inspired Odin to reject the laws of chastity imposed by the Druid Diralada. A passage quoted by Vallancey from Cleland's "The way to things by words and words by things" explains Blake's reference to Odin. Vallancey writes :

"The following account of this author (*i.e.*, Mr. Cleland), requires to be authenticated, it seems to open a new light to northern history, if a fact. 'Not more than 20 years before Julius Caesar invaded Britain, one Odin or Woden, had raised a party in Britain, to shake off the yoke of Druidism, and to put the civil power into the hands of the laity. But he was successfully resisted by the majority, whose attachment to their old laws engaged them to reject the innovation. Woden and his partisans, being overpowered, retired out of the land, and made their escape to Germany, where they obtained a settlement, and preserved the British manner and language, among the less cultivated nations which surrounded them. Woden did more; he propagated his new ideas of government, and drew the whole North to his party; and I have some reason to think that the Edda and Icelandic records, contain Woden's system of innovation.' "

Finally, that the Druid laws, which Cleland thinks Odin rejected, included laws of chastity, is indicated by the following passage from Cleland's "Etimological Vocabulary" :

"The institution of Convents was purely Druidical, at least in the North-western parts of Europe . . .

The convents in our parts of the world were founded by some of the most learned of the Druids, retiring from the world, and devoting themselves to studies, and a contemplative life. As such a system could but ill suit with the cares of a wife and family, they made it a rule to extend the enjoined or institutional celibacy of their batchelorship beyond the term of minority."

Lest anyone might think, from the association of Mahomet with Ireland, that Blake fathered the Koran on the green isle, Blake wrote in his "Vision of the Last Judgment" : "Ishmael is Mahomed."

We shall never understand Blake's furious attacks on preachers of chastity, so long as we imagine he was driven by the needs of his own temperament. Blake said to Crabb Robinson in December, 1825, "When I am endeavouring to think rightly, I must not regard my own any more than other people's weaknesses." He might with justice have claimed that he was one of the few who succeeded in that high endeavour. Blake's fury had a more impersonal cause. It came from his belief that the Irish clerics who in the 12th century reported to the Pope the "enormitates vitiorum" of Irish life, had no small share in the blame for bringing the Normans to Ireland. Blake did not deny that Irish marriage customs were easy: he denied the moral superiority of those who attacked them.

There is a long list of the names of Los's children in "Vala." The list of the sons begins with the ungenerate sons of Los, that of the daughters with their emanations. Both lists end with the names of Biblical or Christian personages. In between are strange names some of which have already been shown to be Irish. Probably all are Irish, in view of Los's adjuration to Rahab before he enumerates them:—"Hear me repeat my generations that thou maist also repent." To Antamon in the list corresponds Elythiria. A son, Ananton corresponds to a daughter, Enanto. A group of sons are named with no corresponding daughters. They are Mydon, Ellayol, Natho, Gon, Harhath.

Blake does not give much information which would help to trace the meaning of these names. But since he chose to perpetuate them, they had for him some importance. Elythiria is associated with Antamon. Antamon, the rain drop, is Blake's symbol for the artist. In "Milton," Blake writes a very beautiful description of Antamon giving artistic form to vague and unhappy emotions. An artist can hardly discuss artistic work without particular reference to himself. In "Jerusalem" Blake returns again to Antamon, and here one can hardly doubt that Antamon is Blake himself. Los speaks:—

"Surrey and Sussex are Enitharmon's Chamber

Where I will build her a couch of repose, and my pillars

Shall surround her in beautiful laybrinths. Oothoon!

Where hides my child? In Oxford hidest thou with Antamon?

In graceful hidings of error, in merciful deceit.

Lest Hand the terrible destroy his Affection, thou hidest her;

In chaste appearances for sweet deceits of love and modesty

Immingled, glistening to the sickening sight."

In this passage, Los is the poet Milton. Oothoon is the spirit of Irish liberty. Blake is describing his own myth constructed out of a mass of learning (Oxford for Blake is simply a place of thought), the purpose of which is to protect Oothoon. Los addressing Antamon, is the poet, Milton speaking to Blake, the artist.

There is evidence that though Blake called himself an Englishman, he did not look on England as his home. Perhaps he thought that an O'Neill, living anywhere but in Ireland, is an exile.

My tentative suggestion for Elythiria, the daughter associated with Antamon, is that Elythiria means exile. Dinneen, giving the meaning of oilithre, a pilgrimage, quotes an old form ailithir, 'a foreign land,' literally 'another land.'

If we pronounce aile 'other,' as it is pronounced to-day, we get elythir, to which Blake simply added a feminine ending.

Having found, if the explanation of Elythiria is correct, that the daughter who is associated with Antamon, *i.e.*, Blake himself, expresses the special suffering of Blake, we should expect that when Los calls upon Rahab to listen to him repeating his generations so that she may repent, he intends to tell her of the sufferings she brought upon Ireland, in other words, enumerate the sorrows that form the mantle of Luvah. I suggest, therefore, the following derivations:—

Mydon***mi-dán, 'evil destiny.'

Ellayol***fheill-fhaghail, vocative, 'a treacherous getting,' *i.e.*, treacherous treatment.

Gon***gann, 'scarce, poor,' the adjective used for the noun, *i.e.*, 'poverty, scarcity.'

Natho***chneadhacha, vocative, 'wounds, sores.'

Harhath***chearr-chath, vocative, 'crooked or wrongful battle.'

Finally,

Ananton***an fhann-tonn, 'the gentle wave.'

Enanto***aon aontadh, 'harmony.' Compare the phrase 'd'aon aontadh' 'with one accord.'

The Daughters of Urizen.

Though Blake gives the names of Urizen's daughters as Eleth, Uveth and Ona, he does not indicate in either of the two passages which describe their activities, that Eleth is the first and Uveth the second daughter. The ending -eth is not Irish.

One would expect therefore that both Eleth and Uveth are foreign, or that one is foreign and the other is given the -eth ending for concealment. Eleth is probably Queen Elizabeth, whose reign was decisive in the ruin of Irish civilization. In the opening of the sixth night of Vala, the three daughters drive Urizen from the water of life. The second daughter is thus described :—

“ Then thou must answer me,

Thou terrible woman, clad in blue, whose strong attractive power

Draws all into a fountain at the rock of thy attraction ;
With frowning brow thou sittest, mistress of these
mighty waters.”

This describes well the “ cupidity unconquerable ” which brought invaders to Eire, of whom Elizabeth’s servants were the most fatal. “ Clad in blue ” is a reminiscence of Ezekiel, a favourite author of Blake’s :—“ 23 (5-6) “ And Aholah played the harlot . . . and she doted on her lovers, on the Assyrians her neighbours. Which were clothed with blue, captains and rulers.” Elizabeth, “ clad in blue,” is thus marked out as the only foreign daughter, and the ending -eth does not properly belong to Uveth. Uveth *** Aoife, ‘ Eva ’ and is Eva MacMurrough whose marriage with Strongbow gave Leinster to a Norman. Urizen asks Uveth :—

“ And wherefore dost thou pour this water forth in sighs
and care ? ”

The youngest daughter, clad in shining green, divides the current into four.

In the myth of the Daughters of Urizen, Blake gives three of the causes that led to Irish defeat :

(1) Irish readiness to unite with the foreigner,

(2) Foreign greed, and

(3) The disunity of Eire, symbolized by the division into four provinces. Irish disunity was partly due to the breaking up of expanding clans, into equally independent groups. The divided groups became in time bitterly hostile to one another. This division took place among the *Ui Neill* themselves again and again. Probably *Ona* *** *Ana*, the Irish goddess of fertility : this interpretation is consistent with the character who is called *Ona* in “ The Little Girl Lost ” of the “ Songs of Experience.”

The daughters of Urizen knead the bread of sorrow for rebel *Orc*. The bread is made of hoar-frost which rages through *Ona*’s sieve, and of rain from the iron pail of *Eleth* : iron represents war. The icy hands of *Uveth* knead the bread.

The Sons of Albion.

The sons of Albion are named by obvious English surnames, except Hand, Hyle and Coban.

Coban is discussed in the analysis of "Tiriell."

Hand and Hyle. Blake's pictures of Pitt and Nelson show Pitt guiding Behemoth, and Nelson guiding the sea-beast Leviathan. In "Jerusalem" Blake writes:—

" . . . The Spectre reads the Voids

Between the Stars

. . . forming Leviathan

And Behemoth, the War by Sea enormous and the War by Land astounding."

Hyle *** Shaile, vocative case, "salt-water, the sea."

Looking for a word for "land" in opposition to the sea, Blake would naturally think of "terra firma." Probably, therefore, Hand *** theann, vocative case, 'firm, tough.' In adding 'd' to give his name a more English look, Blake may have been aware that '-nn' at the end of some Irish words was in older Irish 'nd.' 'Teann' was a good choice to convey Blake's conception of Hand, for, used as a noun it means 'strength, violence,' and Dinneen gives the phrase "teann na nGall," "foreign oppression."

Ariston and Anana.

In an additional fragment of "Vala," the four Zoas are enumerated. Among them appear surprisingly two new characters:

"Luvah, King of Love

Awakened Vala. Ariston ran forth with bright Anana."

The context makes it clear that Ariston and Anana are merely new names for Luvah and Vala. This is confirmed by the only other reference to them, which occurs in "America."

The thirteen American Angels, who are about to revolt, are described seated

"On those vast shady hills between America and Albion's shore

Now barred out by the Atlantic sea, called Atlantean hills,

Because from their bright summits you may pass to the Golden World,

An ancient palace, archetype of mighty Emperies.
Rears its immortal pinnacles, built in the forest of God
By Ariston, the king of beauty, for his stolen bride."

The Atlantean hills are the unfallen world, here associated with the Irish Paradise. When Midir the Proud invites Etain to the Land of Youth, he tells her :—

"There none speaks of 'mine' or 'thine'

It is one of the wonders of that land that youth
does not change into age

Smooth and sweet are the streams that flow through it ;
there men are all fair without blemish ; there
women conceive without sin.

We see around us on every side, yet no man seeth us ;
the cloud of the sin of Adam hides us from their
observation."

One recognises in the last sentence the similarity to Blake's idea that Los, after the fall, no longer beheld eternity.

Many Irish tales tell of mortals lured to the fairy world, but it is probable that the King of Beauty is Cuchullin, and Anana is Fand. The objection to this theory is that Cuchullin is not described as building a palace for Fand. Anana *** Anana 'fairy treasure.' 'An' means 'noble' 'pleasant': an t-aos an, 'the pleasant people' are the fairies. If this is correct, and if Ariston is Cuchullin, then Ariston *** fhear as tain, vocative, 'Man out of Tain,' the epic of which Cuchullin is the hero.

Thulloh *** tulach in tulach og, 'the hill of youths,' Anglicised Tullahogue, the hill on which the O'Neills were inaugurated. By Thulloh, Blake means the O'Neills of Tyrone.

Names in Blake's mythology in which ideas are represented as places rather than persons.

Golgonooza *** gall gan aois, pronounced gol gon eesh 'The Englishman without age,' 'the eternal Albion,' the history of man as seen by the artist.

Here as in other words, Blake changes the Irish 'sh' into English 'z.' The vowel sound which precedes 'sh' is not quite the same as English 'ee'. Blake changes it into 'oo', as he does in *Uveth*, if my derivation of *Uveth* is correct.

Ulro, chaos *** bhaileabhar, pronounced Wol-yore (Donegal pronunciation) 'a mess ; a fix.' Baileabhar is most often used in a phrase in which the b is dotted, that is, pronounced 'v' or 'w.'

Udan-Adan, the lake of the Indefinite. Plotinus describes a land which he calls "the land Beyond." Udan-Adan *** *udan adan*. It is made up of two expressions both meaning 'beyond,' 'udai adai' and 'udan'.

Bowlahoola *** *buaile chobhla*, pronounced Boola hole-a 'the body's feeding place, *i.e.*, the stomach.

Blake transposes the accented vowels, perhaps because *Buaile* in place names was usually spelled *Bowla*, and by the time he invented the name *Bowlahoola*, he wanted the Irish origin of his names to be recognised. Certainly *Bowlahoola* is the most Irish looking of all his names.

Buaile is the place where the cattle were milked when they were pasturing in the mountains, and is, therefore, the feeding-place.

Allamanda *** *allemand*, German. *Allamanda* is commerce, and Blake associated commerce with England, Teutonic England. We don't know how much French Blake knew. The word *Allemagne* occurs in Cleland's "Etmological Vocabulary," which we know Blake had read.

Entuthon-Benython. Blake writes thus:—

"the forests of Entuthon-Benython,
Where souls incessant wail, being Piteous passions and Desires
With neither lineament nor form, but like to wat'ry clouds
The passions and Desires descend upon the hungry winds,
For such alone Sleepers remain, meer passion and appetite,
The sons of Los clothe them and feed and provide houses
and fields."

Entuthon Benython *** *aon-tiugh-thain bpein-eitean*, 'one dense host of piteous ideas.'

Dranthon is merely another name of *Entuthon—Benython* and is derived from *dreann-tain*, 'melancholy host.'

Adona, the river of *Adona*, *** *adh dona*, 'misfortune'. It would appear that Blake feared to adopt the common word for 'misfortune,' *i.e.*, *mi-adh*, for it is sometimes used by Irish people when speaking English. He substituted *mi-dan* for *mi-adh* in making the name *Mydon*.

Salah *** *Saileach* in *Druim-saileach*, 'the ridge of willows,' the hill on which Armagh was built.

The Four States of Humanity in Its Repose.

The Four States are the history of sleeping Albion.

Beulah. Blake's name and conception of Beulah are based on Bunyan's. *Alla.* *** chealla, vocative, 'churches.' The transition from Beulah to Alla is the process described in the "Marriage of Heaven and Hell," *i.e.*, the separation of humanised visions of natural objects from their source in nature, their elevation into independent deities, and the organisation of their worship by priests.

Al-Ulro and *Or-Ulro.* Ulro has been discussed already. Al-Ulro is a compound of Alla and Ulro : it is the state or period in which the scientific view of life has not yet ousted the religious, as in the 17th century in England.

Or-Ulro, a state of deeper Ulro, chaotic war, *** -eabhar bhaileabhar. The prefix Or would appear to indicate that Blake pronounced bhaileabhar, as we should expect, in the Ulster way.

The Four States describe the descent which forms the subject of the "Song of Los."

Note On Theotormon.

Theotormon is the most puzzling character in Blake's mythology. Blake describes him at the end of the "Visions of the Daughters of Albion" :—

"Theotormon sits

Upon the margin'd ocean conversing with shadows dire."

In "Vala," Los and Enitharmon

"Sat down upon the margin'd sea

Conversing with the visions of Beulah in dark slumbrous bliss."

Elinor Hull quotes a passage from the Book of Leinster, in her "Poem Book of the Gael" :—

"One day the young poet Nede fared forth till he stood on the margin of the sea, for the poets believed the brink of the sea to be the place of poetic revelation."

If Blake derived from this Irish source his conception that the brink of water is the place of poetic inspiration, then it is probable that he was from his youth familiar with Irish literature. For he expressed the idea in the "Poetical Sketches" in the poem "Memory, hither come." It may be, too, that the lovely poem "Love and Harmony Combine" in the Poetical Sketches" was suggested by Irish tales of unhappy lovers who, after they die, become trees with mingling branches.

The establishment of Theotormon as the visionary poet explains minor difficulties in Blake, for instance :—

“Theotormon and Sotha stand in the gate of Luban anxious.”

and

“For here does Theotormon lower

And here is Enitharmon’s bower.”

Bromion’s allusion in the “Visions” to lands seen in the infinite microscope shows that Blake was already thinking in terms of the contrast between “single vision and Newton’s sleep” and the double vision of the inspired poet.

But Theotormon in the “Visions” is a pupil of Urizen. For the poet without confidence in his visionary faculty may descend from Beulah to Alla. In a pencil-drawing, which Blake entitled “Theotormon woven,” he shows Theotormon kneeling before a church edifice resembling St. Paul’s. The opposite change from Alla to Beulah appears in the “Illustrations to Job,” when the regeneration of Job begins with a vision of the God in the Whirlwind.

END OF AN ARGUMENT

(A SHORT STORY)

By Marten Cumberland

AGGRESSIVELY the chauffeur set down his tankard. “I don’t believe in it!” he said. “What’s more I don’t want it. I no more want another life than a school-kid wants a second thrashing!”

The man in the black coat and bowler hat nodded slowly. “I can appreciate the viewpoint,” he said.

“Life hereafter. Bunk!” said the chauffeur. “Not that I can’t feel for the old ’uns . . . You know, people what have lost children in the war—or wives and husbands. Might get like ’em myself, in some circumstances. Only I’m not the marrying sort. Don’t like to be tied. A wife in every garage, is my motto, if you get me.”

The man in black sipped his vermouth and savoured it upon a meditative tongue.

"The persistence of the ego after death," he said, "is a conception based more on our emotional nature than on intellectual analysis. Our discussion reminds me of Lord—that is, of a late employer of mine. He was a queer mixture of scepticism and credulity. Clever, but highly strung. And too fond of playing around with his emotions. As Emerson says: 'You may cure the drunkard, and heal the insane, but nothing can be done for the debauchee of sentiment'."

"Right!" the chauffeur approved. "Beer's a whole lot better than monkeying with your nerves. Smart guy, Edison!"

Abstractedly the man in black twisted a gold ring round upon one thick, white finger.

"His Lordship used to debate the whole question with poor old Professor MacCarthy. They went at it hard, while their coffee got cold and good cigars were wasted . . ."

"Professor MacCarthy . . .?" The chauffeur puckered an unimposing forehead. "Wasn't he the big noise on wireless and such? Died about three years ago?"

The other nodded.

"A man of great attainments. A true sceptic. Doubted everything—including his own doubt. Ready, as he said, to believe anything, sufficiently incredible. His Lordship at the time was excited by some experiment, conducted I believe in Vienna. Hospital cases, on their death-beds, were placed upon a kind of large, elaborate scales. According to his Lordship at the moment a patient died there was a perceptible loss of weight.

"That's queer!" said the chauffeur. "If it's true. What did the Professor say to that?"

"I fancy that he did not dispute the story. The Professor merely declined to accept such phenomena as evidence that man possesses a soul. And that, of course, was his Lordship's contention."

The chauffeur shook a packet of cigarettes and picked one out with his lips.

"Of course," he said, slowly, "there could just be physical reasons why a man might lose weight as he dies, eh?"

"I cannot pretend to any opinion," said the man in black. "I heard only fragments of these interminable discussions. Frequently, however, his Lordship would pursue the matter as I was undressing him at night. But it was his Lordship's views with which I was favoured. The Professor's opinions remained comparatively unknown to me. But I know this—or *think* I do—preoccupation with the question of personal survival after death killed his Lordship."

"Killed him, eh?" said the chauffeur. "Have another? It's my turn."

"Thank you. These glasses are absurdly inadequate. Yes—his Lordship, as I have said, dabbled in the emotions. He sought to experience things that hover perilously upon the borderline of sensation and consciousness. Once he remarked to me: 'Milton,' that is my name; 'Milton, any fool can explore the Andes; I am investigating the margin of eternity.' Those were his actual words. You see, his Lordship was a small man physically, and never in the best of health. He had a first cousin who was a famous explorer of South America; whilst, despite the family tradition, his Lordship had not been passed for the army."

The chauffeur nodded.

"Inferiority complex," he said. "And so the poor little twerp killed himself, eh?"

"Well, perhaps—more or less," replied the man in black. "The old Professor died first. Some months before his death, he knew his fate. His knowledge of physiology and medicine was considerable, and he insisted on being told the truth. And, when he knew his days were numbered, the Professor suggested to his Lordship a somewhat ingenious plan. It was designed to test the truth concerning our survival in a future life. The scheme was simple. It necessitated a telephone instrument."

"A 'phone?" said the chauffeur. "Some sort of wireless gadget?"

"No, no. Merely an ordinary telephone. Nothing exceptional, save for the manner of its installation. A private wire was put in at Castle Dun . . . that is, at his Lordship's country estate. And the call number was known only to Professor MacCarthy

and his Lordship. Even the Professor was told the number, in his nursing-home, only a few days before he died. Every precaution was taken against the possibility of a wrong number being given, or of some practical joker getting on to the private wire. His Lordship had considerable influence. I am not a technical man, but I imagine a private wire, recently installed, could easily be kept secret, at least for a week or so ? ”

“ I daresay,” said the chauffeur. “ If his nibs had a pull with the Postmaster General and such, it would be fixed up pretty careful.”

“ Exactly. No doubt a responsible official or two would know about the affair. But secrecy was insured, for the purposes of the experiment. You see the notion, of course ? That wire was to be used only by the Professor, if he found himself surviving what is called ‘somatic death.’ Otherwise the wire would never be used. It would be dead ! ”

“ Ah ! ” said the chauffeur. “ What happened ? ”

“ Well,” resumed the man in black, “ I recall perfectly those days immediately following on the Professor’s decease. His Lordship and I were in the country. It was a dreadful winter, even for Ireland, and every day seemed one long night. And a night in which there was no sleep. I don’t think his Lordship really slept at all. In his dressing-gown he would pace the floor, or sit and doze over a book. His eyes went continually to the telephone, installed in his bedroom. The great house—seldom occupied—was damp, empty and silent. His Lordship’s invalid mother heard something of the facts, and she wrote me anxious letters from the South of France. Meanwhile his Lordship scarcely tasted food. After four days of suspense I was not even permitted to shave him. He lost interest in the ordinary affairs of life. From my room, adjoining his, I could hear him at night pacing up and down, his slippers clapping on the old parquet flooring between the moth-eaten rugs. Sometimes I thought I heard him uttering incantations in a wild tone. I am a man of equanimity, as a general rule, but I found the situation a little disturbing. I ventured to speak to the doctor, who called twice to the Castle, but was sent away. And then one night, or rather, at four one morning, it happened. The telephone rang.”

“ Ah ! ” said the chauffeur.

"Do you know," resumed the man in black, "I flatter myself that I am usually able to act with promptitude in an emergency. But this time I awakened, to sit up in my armchair, and merely listen to that bell. It stopped ringing. I heard a sharp cry, and a crash. I threw the blanket off my knees, and ran into his Lordship's room. He lay on his face beside the telephone. I turned him over, and ascertained that he was dead. Without thinking properly of what I was doing, I noted the telephone receiver swinging on its cord. I replaced the receiver abstractedly; and the instrument rang. I listened; I spoke; but I had no reply. I heard nothing."

The chauffeur gulped.

"Nothing? Nothing at all? Not . . . not, 'sorry you've been troubled'?"

"Not a sound. I hung up. I summoned the doctor. He said his Lordship had had a seizure. A weak body; and the heart was not too good. Speaking in ordinary, untechnical language his Lordship must have died of sheer, uncontrollable excitement, you know."

"Yes," said the chauffeur. "Right! But that bloody 'phone ringing . . . There must have been some explanation . . .?"

"Certainly. There was," said the man in black. "Electricians came, and thoroughly overhauled the old place. They found a rat had got into the wainscoting, or whatever it's called. The rat gnawed the rubber insulation away, causing what is termed a short-circuit."

"Ah! That happens at times . . ."

The chauffeur slowly let out a long breath and picked up his beer.

"Yes, I've known it happen myself at a converted flat, in a mews in London. Right! So the old Professor knew his stuff, eh? There's no life hereafter. Or, anyway, no persistence of the what-do-you-call-it, after death. The Professor never came back to call up his old pal, eh?"

"I am not perfectly assured of that," said the man in black, musingly. "When I turned over his Lordship's body, and looked down at him, there was a smile on his face . . ."

"A smile . . .?" said the chauffeur.

"Precisely. The smile his Lordship invariably wore when he fancied he had won an argument," said the other.

THE TRUTH ABOUT ROBERT EMMET

(A REPLY TO MR. O'HEGARTY'S REVIEW)

By *Helen Landreth*

THERE are so many points in Mr. P. S. O'Hegarty's review of "The Pursuit of Robert Emmet" which appeared in the July-September issue of *The Dublin Magazine* which require correction, and the review was of such unusual length and placed in such an unusually prominent position that I trust I shall be granted adequate space for a reply, in an equally prominent position.

Mr. O'Hegarty challenges the whole thesis of my book, listing a score or more reasons for adhering to the traditional belief that the Emmet rising developed unbeknown to Dublin Castle. Taken one by one they can all be answered in support of my thesis, but I shall confine myself to the most important.

Regarding the letter Pitt is supposed to have written Marsden instructing him to send someone to France to induce Robert Emmet to return and start a rising, I assumed that Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet's memory had played him false in describing Pitt as head of the British government, but that he was right on the main points of his conversation with Sir Bernard Burke, the Pitt letter and the documents concerning Robert and the Union which he said were in sealed chests in the Tower of Dublin Castle. He showed Dr. Emmet the chests, and they were later seen by Fitzpatrick and Lecky. When they were opened they were found to contain documents fitting Sir Bernard's description, though obviously many had been destroyed. One cannot dismiss the Pitt letter without implying that either Sir Bernard or Dr. Emmet invented it. There would have been no reason for Sir Bernard to have done so, but the contrary, and the Emmets have always been famous for their integrity. Dr. T. A. Emmet may have made small errors of memory, but it would have been virtually impossible for him to have put forward a false claim of any sort.

Mr. O'Hegarty's statement that Pitt went back into office as Prime Minister by common consent in April 1804 because England was in danger is not in accordance with the facts. The published correspondence of Fox, Minto, Sidmouth, Colchester, Malmsbury and the Grenvilles, Lord Mahon's invaluable unpublished privately printed "Secret History of Pitt's Return to Office in 1804," and Donald Barnes' scholarly work "George III and William Pitt," show that there had been a long secret campaign to force Addington to retire long before it appeared in the House of Commons, and that Pitt and his party finally forced a vote which deprived Addington of his majority, and opened the way to Pitt's return to office. He could have gone back a year earlier if he had been willing to share the office with Addington. The above mentioned sources show that Pitt's ambition was as much the cause of his return to office as his patriotism. The matter is such an absorbing one, and engages Irish affairs in its meshes to such an extent that I once planned to do a book on the subject, and have before me many of the papers necessary for so doing.

Mr. O'Hegarty has also over-simplified to the point of inaccuracy the relationship of the King and Pitt. Mr. Barnes' book is a documented report on the conflict of their opposing policies and ambitions over twenty-three years.

Mr. O'Hegarty suggests that Robert Emmet's return to Ireland was in order to be with his parents and sister rather than to head a rising. He quotes a letter from the Marquise de Fontenay dated April 24, 1802. At that time, Emmet did have the decision to make of returning to Ireland or going to America with his brother. His letter to his brother's brother-in-law, John Patten, dated from Amsterdam August 2, 1802, and quoted in "The Pursuit of Robert Emmet," pages 121-2, suggests that he had decided to go to America with his brother, as he mentions letters of introduction he has to Jefferson and other prominent Americans. The summons to return to Ireland was of later date. It was Emmet's principle to let public concerns have precedence over private ones, and of course, he did head a rising.

Mr. O'Hegarty quotes Lord Cloncurry's "Personal Recollections" to prove that when Emmet left Paris for Ireland the idea of a rising had not been thought of. "Both brothers dined with me in Paris the day before Robert returned to Ireland for

the last time previous to his fatal outbreak ; and although that catastrophe was not then thought of, I remember the most urgent entreaties being vainly used by his friends, to dissuade him from a visit, which all felt to be full of danger to him . . .” For one thing, Thomas Addis Emmet was in Brussels when Robert left Paris. More important, throughout his book, Lord Cloncurry denied what documents now available in Dublin and London prove, that he was ever a rebel. Writing many years after the event, when he had lost his earlier enthusiasm and viewpoint, he was trying to live down his connection with the United Irishmen. Naturally he would not have admitted to a knowledge of an intended rising.

But to Dr. Madden Cloncurry admitted that he dined in company with Robert Emmet and Surgeon Lawless (not Thomas Addis Emmet) the day before Emmet’s departure for Ireland, and that Emmet spoke of his plans, (obviously military, of which Cloncurry told Dr. Madden he did not approve), with such enthusiasm that perspiration ran down his forehead. (“United Irishmen,” III, p. 317). In writing of Cloncurry in Pursuit I weighed all the evidence I had concerning him, and so rejected his statement that Emmet had no plans when he left Paris. If Mr. O’Hegarty had been in possession of all my material I feel sure he would have made the same decision. The same holds good for many other points on which Mr. O’Hegarty is speaking without benefit of special research on the subject.

That Emmet’s return to Ireland was for the purpose of heading a rising is shown by Hope’s account as given to Dr. Madden, and even though it was given years after the event he would not have been mistaken about a matter of so much importance. Also the incident I related in Pursuit of the recollection of ten-year-old Robert Emmet, son of Thomas Addis Emmet, who remembered vividly seeing his mother going down on her knees to prevent Robert from returning to Ireland. The family was then in Brussels, and Robert Emmet had stopped to see them on his way to Ireland. The boy’s recollection was told to the late Rosina Emmet Sherwood, and after my return to America in 1946 was discussed with her sister, Miss Lydia Field Emmet, who told me the story. There was no question about the reason for Emmet’s return. It was to head a rising.

In one instance at least Mr. O'Hegarty appears to have missed points in the book he was reviewing. He says that the government did not know where the depots were. The two most important, and the only two in actual use for any period were the one in Patrick Street and the one in Thomas Street. On July 2 McGucken reported to the Castle, according to The Vice-roy's Post Bag, that James Hope had taken a depot at 26 Patrick Street. In Pursuit this is mentioned on page 169. On page 195 I mention in a footnote a letter Mr. Edward Clarke wrote Marsden in 1805 about Barney Duggan, in which he said that on the day of the rising Major Sirr had men watching the depot.

"The least satisfactory part of Miss Landreth's book," says Mr. O'Hegarty, "is the freedom with which the word *informer* is thrown at various people and the generally uncritical acceptance of statements made, or alleged to have been made, with regard to men and to events, in secret under pressure or in secret for money." This gives the most erroneous impression of my research methods and my attitude towards my work generally. In the course of such intensive research as I did for the book it was inevitable that I should turn up many new informers. Actually there were more than appeared in the book. I only mentioned those essential to the development of the plot, or to show government practice.

Far from being uncritical I made long and careful investigations before I made any accusations or imputations. The case of William Putnam McCabe is contained in a dossier running to many pages of informations covering a period of twenty years. Of those I used in Pursuit only those actually dealing with the development of Emmet's plan. I made it quite clear that there was no direct proof that he was a spy before 1818. In the case of William St. John I had, by the end of 1945, amassed evidence indicating that, under the name of Johnson or Johnston, he was probably acting as a spy on Emmet's preparations at the Patrick Street depot in 1803. In London in January and February of 1946 I found documents at the Public Record Office which showed that in 1801 he had been privately pardoned by government for having "been of material assistance" to them in Holland, probably indicating that he had given information about the Irishmen there, and increasing the probability that he was playing a double game with Emmet.

Dr. Charles Dickson, in reviewing the Irish edition of *Pursuit* in the *Irish Times* for July 30th, 1949, spoke of the book as containing "the results of laborious and critical examination of the original sources by a scholarly intelligence." As Dr. Dickson has done extensive research on this same period at the State Paper Office, and as we often discussed our findings he was well qualified to know in what manner I treated my material.

I did not, as Mr. O'Hegarty charges, accuse Quigley of being an informer before the rising. I gave my reasons for suspecting Arthur O'Connor, and left the reader to decide the case for himself. In the diary of Thomas Addis Emmet, published by his namesake, Dr. T. A. Emmet in *Memoir of Thomas Addis and Robert Emmet*, Vol. I, p. 359, Emmet indicated definitely that his differences with O'Connor were political and moral. On page 345 he disclosed that O'Connor was distrusted by two former members of the Executive of the United Irishmen, one of whom 'would trust any human being sooner than Mr. O'Connor.' On page 346 he told of a false message O'Connor gave McCabe for Ireland. He was not alone in suspecting him. Myles Byrne did so, too, as he related in his *Memoirs*.

Mr. O'Hegarty touched only briefly on the subject of John Keogh as an informer, and implied that an article by Father Francis Finegan in the March issue of *Studies* exonerates Keogh. In the September issue of the magazine there appears a reply I wrote covering the points brought up by Father Finegan, which corrects the picture of Keogh as presented by Father Finegan, and offers further evidence against Keogh.

It is to be hoped that readers of both articles which have challenged the thesis of *The Pursuit of Robert Emmet* will read or reread the book and form their own conclusions.

DRAMATIC COMMENTARY

By A. J. Leventhal

THE GOLDFISH IN THE SUN. By D. J. Giltinan. Abbey Theatre.

THE HERNE'S EGG. By W. B. Yeats. Lyric Theatre Company.

SISTER EUCHARIA. By Austin Clarke. Lyric Theatre Company.

THE PARAGONS. By Christine Longford. Gate Theatre.

RUTH DRAPER. Gaiety Theatre.

I can never decide whether it is wiser to put down immediately my reaction to a play or to allow some time to pass in which the brilliance of an actor's performance or his lack of it, the slickness or slovenliness of production, a grandiose, indifferent or unobstrusive setting will have fallen into the proper perspective and produced a balanced estimate. There is nothing less exciting than the evenly held scales in just appraisal. The critic who reacts emotively, pausing only to find the strongest adjective for his praise or blame, is more likely to stir public interest than his contemplative colleague who—it must be admitted—is as likely to miss though he be an unconscionable time aiming.

As I came away from Mr. Giltinan's *The Goldfish in the Sun* I seemed to carry with me a memory of a rather loosely knit play, a crowded stage, ill-defined characters and a magnificent setting. Had I written this down at once I would have given an entirely wrong impression not only of the significance of the play itself but of my own fundamental response to it. True, the play was loosely knit but on consideration this was the author's intention. He seemed to prefer to deal in a series of episodes with life in a Cork tenement rather than to follow the more common pattern of neatly organised acts. This had the advantage of painting an adequate impressionistic picture of his *milieu*—one not so easily achieved by orthodox dramatic means. The characters, if they had no depth, were certainly well drawn and easily portrayed by the actors.

Even Bos'n Treston, whose poetic monologues were not convincing and whose altruism was a little incredible, brought with a sense of mystery—unexplained as it was—a welcome human warmth into the not too sordid purlieus of Joybell Court. The story does not matter nor that one of the young girls who had decided to leave the drab Leaside gives up her notion of a life of easy virtue and marries the local Garda instead. What does matter is that the *tranche de vie* within sound of Shandon bells that Mr. Giltinan sets out to carve has been presented to us effectively and in the genuine idiom of the Munster capital.

The acting was uniformly good. Harry Brogan as the Bos'n had a difficult part but he gave it a kind of reality except for an occasional tendency to rant. Eamon Guailli made an excellent study of Dannocks. Visually the back curtain Lee was a triumph for Vere Dudgeon. At no time can I remember the Abbey Theatre going into competition with the commercial theatre in realistic settings. Mr. Dudgeon ought not to get too much encouragement or he may be whisked off overseas by one of those visiting theatrical impresarios who, like football managers, come to seek local talent. Ria Mooney's competent hands invisibly controlling the production could be sensed throughout all the acts.

That W. B. Yeats should have had the courage to write *The Herne's Egg* is not so remarkable as that the Lyric Theatre Company should have been bold enough to put it on the stage. Human beings in Celtic mythology were in strange relationship to the gods, meeting and talking to them, even battling with them, and not necessarily always losing. Yeats in his later years was attempting to formulate the relation between God and man and in this play he seems to be trying to express this relation. The conflict is not so much between Congal, king of Connaught, and Attracta the priestess, as between the former and the Great Herne—between impious man and the deity. The king (together with nine of his soldiers) in his arrogance flouts religion to the extent of ravishing Attracta and fights the divine doom that is prophesied to him as death at the hand of a fool, by taking his own life. A graver fate awaits him—his reincarnation as an ass.

The play moves through six scenes in varying moods of high seriousness, farce and that carnal directness that marks certain phases of Yeats's later work. The audience appeared somewhat disturbed by the unusual theme and the Apuleian approach; one newspaper critic thought that the play were better forgotten. Yeats was never generally popular as a dramatist. Verse drama in its nature has no mob appeal. But as a fighter for poetic drama he would, were he alive, have revelled in the opposition to this first production of his play and seen in this opposition a resurgence of those forces that he combatted with such energy in the first years of the literary renaissance. He would have been grateful to Austin Clarke.

Technically the play is not well constructed. Its many scenes required expert production as did the stylised battles and in the circumstances was praiseworthy. Although it must be said that Anne Yeats' comic moon, cardboard ass and setting generally added considerably to its success. George Greene, as Congal, was in turn kinglily, comic and tragic to good effect, whilst Ethne Dunne, as Attracta, preserved her clarity of speech and dignity in trying dramatic moments.

On the same evening we had a revival of Austin Clarke's *Sister Eucharist* which was a direct contrast in its dominant religious mood. This contrast, however, was only superficial and was due not to the lines themselves but their interpretation. The note of doubt, the murmur of rebellion was there for the producer but they were strangely (and I think wrongly) muted. This is a lovely play in which religious ecstasy can be accepted in the realm of mysticism but which has an undercurrent on a more mundane plane. The repetition of phrases for choral effect lessened the import of the play as it did its poetic rhythm. Yet it was a moving performance and for the discerning a human one showing the weakness as well as the strength of organised faith. Eithne Dunne's *Sister Eucharist*, though beautifully spoken, was not altogether satisfying; it seemed not to burn with the white flame of the humble spirit that offers itself wholly to God.

Lady Longford has learned the art of sweet satire, the gentle jibe that excludes the sneer. She sees the local weaknesses and with almost drawing-room politeness draws attention to them. All her characters' sins are pleasantly venial but on reflection may well have mortal implications. But we don't reflect at her comedies; we sit back prepared to smile and share the playwright's own indulgence. So far as *The Paragons* is concerned—a play about Dublin suburban foibles—we had to wait until the second act before the fun and games really manifested themselves.

A mother-in-law imposing herself on newly-weds is fair enough, if not unusual, fodder for animal satisfaction but when Mrs. Badger, as she is named with old-time appropriateness, intensively badgers the characters on the stage she cannot escape irritating the audience at the same time. The poor lady falls into the snare of good works set by Mr. Cantwell (thanks Lady Longford for saving me an adjective) and insulted the young people who visited the house, seeing in them types who are "on the list" of dangerous persons engaged in un-Irish activities. She is bewitched by her new found mentor, her daughter Agnes is bothered and the son-in-law noisily bewildered. That is, more or less, the play which has its lively moments, particularly in the second act when Nancy Lovely—played with a care-free sophistication by Diana Campbell—orders around her semi-nude incoherent Scandinavian boy friend.

Charles Mitchel's Joseph Cantwell was suitably oiled; Godfrey Quigley's Peter Paragon was likewise well-oiled (in the slang sense) as a panacea for mother-in-law love. Indeed everything ended as happily as the beginning was unhappy.

Ruth Draper as a one-man show is a legend. So perhaps it is unfair to bring a Third-Programme mind to bear on what is after all the quintessence of music-hall. Her art is for the intimate theatre. I was entertained but not exhilarated. She is a fine actress but having seen Sybil Thorndyke in her maturity play the part of a foolish young gushing actress, one is not overwhelmed by the finished Draper technique. The material too, hardly changed in twenty years, is a little alien to the damned state of the present day world—the German tourist in Italy, for example. Perhaps I complain because I expected poignant tragedy as well as the *soufflés* of comedy. The theatre was too large, the groundlings too many.

Art Notes

By Edward Sheehy.

RECENT PAINTINGS. By Colin Middleton. At the Victor Waddington Galleries.

RECENT SCULPTURES. By Hilary Heron. At the Victor Waddington Galleries.

RECENT PAINTINGS. By Fergus O'Ryan. At the Victor Waddington Galleries.

RECENT PAINTINGS. By Gerard Dillon. At the Victor Waddington Galleries.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS. By Patrick Hennessy. At the Dublin Painters' Gallery.

THE JOSEPH BRENNAN COLLECTION. At the Dawson Gallery.

The peak of a crowded and interesting autumn season was reached with Colin Middleton's exhibition of recent oils. Let me confess at the outset that I find it difficult to write about his painting. Evaluation in terms of mere technical criticism seems meaningless; for all that he is a superb artist in those terms. Such criticism, as with any great art, leaves the essence, the spirit, untouched. And with Middleton's work there is such an intimate fusion between what he says and how he says it, that I, for one, am loth to distinguish between them. If I were compelled to sum up Middleton as a painter in a single sentence—which God forbid—I should say that he is a passionate humanist, inspired and speaking with tongues. His language is colour, rich, emotional, informed with a peculiarly vibrant life. He uses his palette with, as it were, a sustained and

varied polyphony, sometimes with the spontaneity of the voluntary, sometimes with a grand deliberation ; but always with the virtuosity at the service of the deeply-telt mood, the passionate idea. But 'idea' is the wrong word. His pictures convey no 'ideas' about humanity or about nature. I should say rather that his best work is the result of a self-identification with a fundamental human reality, and the transfiguration in paint of that rare experience. Take *Isaiah 54* with its noble architecture, its deliberate paint, its sonorous colour harmonies, its deeply significant and cumulatively overpowering distortions and you find that its meaning defies that analysis to which the idea, the intellectual figment, is amenable. Yet when it sent me to the Book of Isaiah and I found the verse :

"Sing O barren, thou that didn't not bear ; break forth into singing and cry aloud that thou didst not travail with child : for more are the children of the desolate than the children of the married wife, saith the Lord. Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations : Spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes ; for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left ; and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited."

I saw why this should be so. For the picture, as an expression of religious feeling, is equally distant from tract and anecdote. Because of its passion and and profundity it comprehends something of the universal, something that is at the root of prayer and poetry, something at the heart of man that is secularly demanding expression in sensible guise, yet always falling short.

Yet this, though to my mind the greatest, is only one picture out of twenty-seven at the present exhibition. Unfortunately lack of space forbids my dealing adequately with them. Their variety and range cannot be covered by any easy generalisation. I mention the following specifically because, in their different ways, they give expression to a profound feeling for life : *The Power and the Glory* with its blazing colour and noble symbolism ; the strong and sombre *The Wind that Shakes the Barley* ; the imaginative sympathy of *The Princess* ; the fairy-tale fantasy of *Candlelight* ; the brooding sorrow and patient courage implicit in *The Black-backed Gull*. Two of the landscapes, *March* with its fretted scintillating light, a kind of apotheosis of Impressionism, and *Slievenagriddle* with its swelling surge of paint, were particularly impressive ; though a passage of flat paint to the right of the canvas in the latter, still leaves me puzzled, and with much the same feeling as when a ballad-singer speaks the last three words of his song. The above is a personal choice and one which, even as I make it, leaves me conscious of several important omissions.

Although this is Hilary Heron's first one-man exhibition, she is already established as one of Ireland's foremost sculptors. Her only possible rival in this field is Seamus Murphy, whose work, apart from isolated pieces, I have not seen for some years. At her best she works in an essentially modern idiom ; that is, her emphasis is primarily on formal values which she uses with genuine creativeness and originality. The critical obtuseness which sees in her work an echo of Henry Moore is merely the failure of unfamiliarity to distinguish between different uses of the same fundamentally formal elements. There are also people who maintain that all Chinese look the same. She and Moore belong to the same tradition which, in effect, is an attempt to get outside the dominance of Græco-

Roman realistic vitalism, and to interpret experience in terms of pure form. Both therefore avoid the personal, the characteristic, the formally transitory and accidental to attempt what is in effect, a formal generalisation. Thus, in figures like *Andante* (Walnut), she achieves a beauty which, while inherent in the heavy brooding mass, the contrasting rhythms of its enclosing planes, has still a human and not a merely abstract connotation. Even where she approaches nearest abstraction, as in *Lady* (Limestone), there is still that recognisably human element though reduced to its simplest terms. *Figure for a Garden* (Limestone), likewise, though completely unrepresentational, has a potent organic suggestiveness. Apart from *Andante*, I liked best her *Virgo* (Iroko-wood) with its clean, soaring form, taut curves and formal tension; the simple and unified group *Flight into Egypt* (Walnut); the small and sensitive *Black Mask* (Kilkenny Marble).

Hilary Heron is eminently successful when she subjects herself most rigidly to a strict formal discipline. She is not nearly so when she uses what I can only describe as a kind of Expressionism, as she does in *Flesh of my Flesh* (Yew) or *Bone of my Bones* (Sycamore). In these the form, though admittedly expressive, appears undisciplined and accidental by comparison with her other work. I need hardly add that she is an accomplished craftsman, and one who moreover, gives full value to whatever materials she happens to be using, whether stone, metal or the many different woods.

As a painter Fergus O'Ryan is extraordinarily fluent; so much so that in an exhibition of thirty-six pictures he tends to appear discursive and at times even sentimentally garrulous. This effect is enhanced by the fact that he paints exclusively with the palette-knife while still remaining in the traditional chromatic range of near-Impressionist landscape. Nevertheless a number of his smaller landscapes have a tender and a lyrical charm, notably *November Evening*, *Limerick* or *St. Stephen's Green*. Two pictures of Dublin, *Skipper's Alley* and *The Black Church* are painted in a strongly romantic vein with considerable success in achieving a sombre and dramatic effectiveness.

Gerard Dillon is our only primitive. He paints the life of the people in the simplest possible pictorial terms. A year ago I would have said that his primitivism, like that of Rousseau, was a natural product. His present exhibition, however, shows that his idiom is highly cultivated and capable of quite unexpected subtleties, both in the way he presents his theme and occasionally, even in the treatment. This is not by any means to imply that his art is false or factitious. It is merely to say that folk-art, like folk poetry, is never as simple as it is made out to be; and that Dillon, in the past year, has learnt to give his work a greater formal discipline and his imagination a greater freedom. His most impressive picture here is *I'd a few drinks taken*, *father* which has humour, strong simple-colour and excellently balanced composition. I'm not sure that I care overmuch for his transcriptions from mediæval Celtic sculpture except as *jeux d'esprit à la Fursey*; but the influence of their study is apparent through most of his present work. I liked very much also his *Imaginary Bride* for the naively effective presentation of its story, and *The Cottage Window* for its strong simplicity. *Clouds on the Mountains* is one picture which shows the inherent dangers of this particular type of painting in any hands other than those who come to it naturally; that of introducing passages of emotive painting into pictures which are fundamentally and literally descriptive.

Patrick Hennessy, while he continues to paint his inimitable still-lives and in them, to astonish with the consistency of his quality and the unvarying half-light of his palette, turns now to the recording of Georgian Dublin. I fear, however, that for all their technical virtuosity, their accurate delineation of architecture, I feel repelled in their presence. Most successful was *St. George's Church from Hardwicke Street* for its very literalness. In portraiture he always gives me an uneasy feeling that he is, unconsciously, hovering on the verge of Surrealism. This is particularly so with his *Sheila Pim walking in the Green*.

The exhibition of pictures and sculpture from the collection of the late Joseph Brennan, which included work by Nathaniel Hone, Walter Osborne and Jerome Connor, brought home to me how much the purely academic tradition had degenerated since the early days of the century. I was particularly astonished at Osborne's technical range, from the meticulous Messonnier-like realism of a picture like *Boat-Builders* or *An Old Byway, Wells-next-the-Sea*, to the free and expressive use of paint in his *Portrait of Nathaniel Hone*. Some dozen pieces by the late Jerome Connor show what an excellent sculptor he was and how fine and sympathetic an observer of people. *The Bellman, The Workman* and *Head of a Young Girl* here are characteristic of his best. His *Mourning Fisherman* which is a one-third scale model for one of the figures in the Lusitania Memorial, shows what an impressive work it might have been had he been able to complete it.

I have received some fourteen monographs on recent and contemporary Belgian painters and sculptors which have been issued by the Belgian Ministry of Public Instruction. I hope to be able to deal with them in some detail when my own programme is less full.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE FRENCH BANDELLO, A SELECTION. The original text of four of Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*, translated by Geoffrey Fenton and William Painter, anno 1567. Edited with an introduction by Frank S. Hook (The University of Missouri Studies, vol. XXII, No. 1), University of Missouri, Columbia, 1948. Pp. 185. \$2.50.

The editor of this beautifully printed volume is very modest in his claims about its scope and importance. Within the limits he has set himself, his task has been admirably fulfilled, and his main object, which is to draw attention to one of the neglected by-ways in the history of literature, is fully achieved.

Francois de Belleforest (1530-1538), a contemporary of Montaigne—who was too much of a realist and too little of a sentimentalist to appreciate the man and his genre—was one of that multitude of minor, and often impoverished, noble-men who tried to improve their circumstances and to regain some place in society by the labours of mind and pen. Successively law-student, “poète et courtisan

de sa province," official historiographer (until the publication of his *Grandes Annales et Histoires Générales de France* revealed his ineptitude in that rôle), compiler, translator, imitator of foreign collection of tales, he never was an unqualified success.

Nevertheless, his name has been preserved by posterity as that of one through whom many short "novels" by a number of Italian authors, and more particularly those of Matteo Bandello (1485-1561) were made accessible to other, and often more famous writers.

Belleforest published his version in seven volumes of *Histoires Tragiques*. In England, William Painter, former schoolmaster turned Clerk of the Ordnance and an expert at "selling the Queen her own goods," occupied his leisure in compiling the two volumes of his *Palace of Pleasure* (1566-7), "that priceless handbook of plots for Elizabethan dramatists," in which are included some 24 stories from Bandello. But Painter makes it clear that, for a large proportion of these, he chose "rather to follow Launay and Belleforest, the French translators," and, in the second volume especially, "the learned François de Belleforest." In the following year, Geoffrey Fenton (1539-1608), man of letters and civil servant, who became secretary to Lord Grey de Wilton, and was to be buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, re-wrote some thirteen of Bandello's stories, ascribing them to their original composer, but using Belleforest's "translations" as his immediate source, a fact which, as Dr. Hook shows, is generally ignored, and even by the *Cambridge History of English Literature*.

True, Belleforest is currently mentioned among the sources of three of Shakespeare's plays, *Hamlet*, *Much Ado*, *Twelfth Night*. But Dr. Hook, with summary yet convincing evidence in support of his view, thinks that a closer and much more comprehensive study of the different versions available to Shakespeare and his contemporaries is needed. And this is the chief merit of his work, namely, to open up a wide field of fascinating investigation: a fresh estimate of the works of Belleforest, Painter, Fenton, and others of that ilk, both for their own sakes and in comparison with one another (Dr. Hook gives amusing examples of adaptation of style, historical and geographical details and even moral principles according to the compiler's personal character, or social status, or nationality, or religion); Belleforest's precise contribution to later authors, including Shakespeare; his influence, and that of his imitators, on the elaboration of that extravagant style which announces all the worst, and some of the best, features of Euphuism, and particularly of the jargon which was to be used by generation after generation of lovers on the stage and in novels, in England, in France and elsewhere. Of these latter features, Fenton seems to have been the most colourful exponent. From the following passage in Belleforest:

" . . . c'estoit grand pitié de veoir la belle Angélique se deschirer la face, et arracher les cheveux, voyant qu'il estoit impossible d'oster ceste cruelle deliberation de la teste de son frere. . . ."

he evolves this gem:

" . . . who [Angeliqua], besides whole rivers of teares distilling from her watery eyes with dolorous cryes in dolefull voyce, redoubled with an echho of treble dule, entred into a mortall war wythe her garmentes and attyre of her head, neither forbearing to deschevel

her crispy lockes and heare exceding the collar of amber, nor commit cruel execution upon the tender partes of her body. And giving free skope to the humor of her fury, she spared not to imprint with her nayles, uppon the precious complexion of her oriente face, a pityfull remembrance of the tragicall trouble of her desolate brother, whome shee coulde not in any way perswade to a chaung or alteration of purpose."

The four specimen stories which Dr. Hook prints are excellent illustrations of Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*. His valuable introduction contains the germ of many a promising piece of research. It is to be hoped that he himself is pursuing this line of study, and that his example will inspire many others.

E. J. ARNOULD.

AQUINAS AND KANT. By Gavin Ardley. (Longmans. 18/-).

It is generally believed that the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas and that of Kant are irreconcilable and that no degree of synthesis is possible. The theme of this book is that Kant is not "alien" to Aquinas, but complementary. The Author starts out very much at the beginning when he draws attention to the Greek distinction between the two orders of things, the *physis* and *numos*. By *physis* is meant nature, ordained by God, and by *numos* or law, that which is created by convention, artifice, or custom—ordained by man. Protagoras, who was the protagonist of *numos*, held in the famous phrase that "man was the measure of all things." Kant adopts the same attitude in his "categorical" thinking. He illustrates the *numos* or categorical by reference to the old story of the Procrustean Bed.

The chapter dealing with modern physics is very interesting as it deals with the conception of mental artifacts. Physics prior to the modern revolt led by Eddington and others was regarded entirely as an empirical science. "The physicist was supposed to observe uniformities in nature and to generalise these into laws." The revolt against this view is now emerging and commanding support. The Author refers to Kant as the John the Baptist of the movement. Eddington also has given his learning and style to its expression. The keynote of it is that these laws of physics are not the laws of physics, but the laws of the physicists. This is where the parable of the Procrustean Bed applied. The physicist makes nature conform to his needs and is therefore infallible—he does not discover a law, he imposes it.

Mr. Ardley says to sum up Modern Physics, we could call it "a priori pragmatism"—a world of artifacts, a *numos* and categorical world. In fact, the contention is that in modern physics any law or theory, even if successful, does not tell what nature is like. This is the Procrustean Science of the modern revolt, re-creating nature, that man may have control over his own creation. It is solipsistic in tendency, as is the general trend of modern philosophies.

The Author then proceeds to deal with Kant in relation to this Procrustean character of modern physical science, and shows how Kant's doctrine amounts to a Copernican revolution in physical science—a revolution that remained unrecognised until the Moderns began to detect the categorical activity of the physicist himself. Hitherto it was assumed that knowledge must conform to objects, but Kant says that this concept was a failure and suggests the supposition

that objects must conform to our knowledge, thus it would be possible to have knowledge of objects *a priori* and know something of them prior to their being given. In the Copernican hypothesis instead of the heavenly bodies moving round the spectator, you suppose the spectator to revolve and the stars remain stationary. Try this experiment in metaphysics.

Then Kant says "if intuition must conform to the constitution of the objects I do not see how I can know anything of the latter *a priori*, but if this object (as object of sense) must conform to the constitution of our faculty of intuition, I have no difficulty in conceiving such a possibility." That in effect is the Copernican revolution in physical science for which Kant was responsible.

Mr. Ardley points out that prior to Galileo people had been concerned with reading laws in nature: after Galileo they read laws *into* nature. This fundamental change was first recognised and expounded by Kant and makes him the fundamental philosopher of the modern world. In fact, his work, according to the Author, was the greatest contribution to the *philosophia perennis* since Thomas Aquinas.

Having demonstrated the Copernican revolution, the Author proceeds to establish the dichotomy of, and divorce between, the ontological reality of Thomism and the physical laws and properties of the categorical order. These orders are distinct and no link is possible between them.

Mr. Ardley's hypothesis that Kant is not "alien" but "complementary" to Aquinas is ably argued, and abundantly documented. Very much a book to be read.

D.H.C.

THE PURSUIT OF DIARMUID AND GRAUNIA. By John Redwood Anderson. Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.

The rare and rich versatility as a poet of Mr. Redwood Anderson has never been manifested more happily than it is in his latest book. He has re-told with brilliance and irresistible enchantment the old story of Diarmuid and Graunia, and his version must surely stand henceforward in a high place among the renderings into English of heroic Irish legend. None of its devoutness is missing, none of the romance that Alice Meynell declared to be "one of the great words, like God and love, joy and truth, which, however they may be interpreted, will always have mystery and beauty"; and what has been added is a humanity often missing from the renderings even when they come from the unique imagination of William Butler Yeats.

Mr. Anderson confesses that he has used with considerable freedom the legendary material itself, "undoubtedly of very great antiquity, pointing back to the mythopoeic period of Aryan culture." He has borrowed from other parts of the Ossianic Cycle, and he has also left out, invariably, however, for the purpose of simplification and to avoid the slightest straining of credibility. Consequently there is nothing to repel the modern reader in either the characterisation or description.

So sweet
was the May night, so faint were all her stars,
her wind so haunted with the names of flowers,
that soon their talk—which had been chronicles

of battles and old slaughters—died away
 into the silence of such thoughts as crowd
 the heart in May-time. . . .

“For Usheen once had loved, long since: and Durring knew all the unrest of love’s first flowering.” . . . That is proud stuff; and so is many another passage equally worth quoting, especially where Finn, childhearted and passionate though grey-haired, sits brooding on love and life and rebelling against the “slow salt ebb of time.”

Mr. Anderson has chosen a quietly-moving, always musical technique, and not once in the whole six books of the poem or its all-glowing pages does monotony intrude. In one feature, perhaps above every other, is his triumph to be emphasised. Never out of place or unconvincing is the introduction of his lyrics; they are as fitting in their place as any melodic variation in a great symphony of music:—

Tenderly, O grey night of many clouds,
 tenderly shelter them,

for they are love’s and love has chosen them.

How often have the songs in narrative verse merely caused a questioning of their right to be there—and, moreover, to doubt their authenticity!

It is a splendid thing indeed that at this troubled moment in the history of civilisation a poet of John Redwood Anderson’s quality has refused to be disturbed in his quest, useless and idle singing though it will probably be declared by those who fail to realise that for a creative writer to turn aside from his vision is the supreme blasphemy against the Holy Spirit of Art.

THOMAS MOULT.

EZRA POUND. Edited by Peter Russell. Peter Neville. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Russell has collected and introduced eighteen essays “to be presented to Ezra Pound on his sixty-fifth birthday.” All of them deal with Pound’s work or personality, but they differ widely in the time and manner of their writing, from the breezy, uncritical appreciation of the man and the poet by Ernest Hemmingway (1925) to Hugh Gordon Porteous’s examination of “Ezra Pound and his Chinese character,” or Henry Swabey’s study of Pound’s treatment of history and economics—“history that omits economics is mere bunk.” Three things emerge clearly from the general chorus of praise—Pound’s generous help to writers of whom he approved; his immense influence by precept and practice upon the poetry of his time; and his complete and untiring devotion to the two great obsessions of his life, the craft of verse and the hatred of *usura*. T. S. Eliot here repeats his frequent acknowledgement of his debt to Pound’s teaching and Pound’s editing of *The Waste Land* (it was Pound who got Eliot’s first book and also Joyce’s *Portrait of The Artist* published by the Egoist Press). Allen Tate describes his poetry as that which “in early and incomplete editions has had more influence on us than any in our time”; while among the younger men of to-day Ronald Duncan (the author of *This Way to the Tomb*, *Stratton* and *The Eagle Has Two Heads*) explains a little arrogantly how he discovered *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley*, twenty years after Pound wrote it, found his ruined interest in English Literature suddenly restored and passed from Cambridge to the one-man university at Rapallo. For him Pound became the master, the

poet's poet, and his essay in praise of Pound's technique is an excellent complement to Edith Sitwell's much earlier (1934) essay with its overflowing enthusiasm. These two pieces, with Allen Tate's, are an excellent encouragement to any reader setting out to explore the 'many-voiced monologue' of the *Cantos*: other essays in this collection will supplement that introduction with appreciative comment or with aids to interpretation. There is a wry, ironic wit in the passionless, impersonally personal references in the *Pisan Cantos* to the prisoner in the tent to which his captors, in an excess of humanity, removed him from the 'cage' in which he was exposed to all weathers and to whatever brutalities his history and his helplessness invited. Wry and ironic might well be the look that received Mr. Russell's gathered tributes of near-idolatry,—

Pull down thy vanity, I say pull down.
Learn of the green world what can be thy place,
In scaled invention or true artistry. . . .

Yet the sick and ageing poet might find, too, some support for self-acquittal in these acknowledgements of his achievement as friend and artist,—

Here error is all in the not done,
All in the diffidence that faltered.

W.P.M.

INWARD COMPANION. By Walter de la Mare. Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.

It has been said that while youth may be a glorious amateur, any man who continues to write poetry after the age of fifty must be a true poet. No such proof, of course, need ever have been demanded of Walter de la Mare; but, if it were, he has once again exceeded it by far, this time with a book of eighty lyrics in his seventy-sixth year. Most of them were written recently, and there are few or none in which a heavy philosophic burden weighs upon the body of the verse, crushing that buoyancy of phrase and rhythm, that delicate mysterious grace of mood and movement which have teased and delighted the generations since he began to write. At once, even with the little dedicatory fragment, one is back again in the poet's individual atmosphere—

" . . . No sound save rushing air,
Cold, yet all sweet with Spring,
And in thy mother's arms, couched weeping there,
Thou, lovely thing."

Once again in *The House*, the strangeness of *The Listeners* stirs—
The rusty gate had been chained and padlocked
Against the grass grown path,
Leading no-whither as I knew well
In a twilight still as death. . . .

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller. That was a long time ago, but the inward companion has not failed Mr. de la Mare in his old age any more than in his youth. He has never had to listen in vain for a response, but he has never been dogmatic about its nature.

W. P. M.

THE MEANING OF BEAUTY. By Eric Newton. Longmans. 15/-.

Works of art have often to the contemporary eye or ear been fugitives from beauty; but the modern difficulty is that beauty itself seems mercurial and schizophrenic: Rembrandt and Picasso, Mozart and Schönberg housed together, and on the roof a hail-storm of 'isms.' "The central characteristic of beauty is that it is always an end in itself and never a means to an end." Mr. Newton there uncovers the source of bewilderment: we have measured beauty as a commodity and confused prejudice with vision.

One can recall various definitions, for example:

"the gift (in man) is indeed rare which can discover harmony in matter, can ensnare the beauty existing in the world and finally transpose life into terms of art, bequeathing to men the best of himself." (Koechlin).

"But poetry cannot be spread upon things like butter; it must play upon them like light, and be the medium through which we see them." (Santayana).

"The imagination is the faculty by means of which we can encompass the antithetical terms of our experience, thus bringing the widest oppositions within a single focus, under a light which fuses them into a wholeness, a coherence, a plastic and sensuous integrity which is the work of art, that miracle which is the only objective evidence we possess of whatever super-reality is cosmic and eternal." (Read).

to underline Mr. Newton's concern with the 'law-abiding behaviour' of beauty manifested as a pattern that can be expressed in mathematical terms, with the artist's signature to what he reveals, the imaginative response of disciplined experience. The main argument is that

"Beauty in Nature is a product of the mathematical behaviour of Nature, which in its turn is a product of function; whereas beauty in art is a product of man's love of, based on his intuitive understanding of, the mathematics of Nature."

The distinction he makes between our recognition of beauty in nature and in art, if not perhaps our conscious experience, is essential to his thesis. In Nature the guiding principle is function; but the artist offers us a pattern that he loves "not because it *works* but because it *is*."

Mr. Newton first considers the problem of how it is that man's idea of beauty is determined by his experience of Nature, and why he discovers different degrees of visual beauty in natural objects. He concedes our passive appreciation of colour, and active apprehension of form and that, therefore, "in regard to colour a standard of beauty *does* exist independent of the world of phenomena, a standard for which the key lies in the mechanism of the eye itself." He uses the structure of the onion as analogy in a general consideration of form and content, and then applies it in detail to the 'Mystical Marriage of St. Catherine' by Veronese. This is a brilliant analysis at the various levels: "(1) Objective factual description of visible objects. (2) Subjective comment on the objects described. (3) Personal attitude to life in general. (4) 'Beauty.' (5) 'Handwriting'—This innermost core is a kind of chemical fusion between the artist's unconscious mind and his chosen medium." The reader is reminded, however, that the analogy ultimately fails. "The layers exist only in history. In practice they interpenetrate each other so completely that in looking at a given work of art, the

beholder is conscious of them all simultaneously, and is therefore not conscious of them at all." Nor can beauty be reduced to a formula. It varies with period and geographical position, with appetite and familiarity, personal sensitivity, the degree of educated taste and with fashion.

Mr. Newton has written a most persuasive and illuminating book; and the fine illustrations aid this remarkably lucid and subtle "attempt to isolate aesthetic beauty as a value, both in life and in art."

SHAKESPEARE'S OTHER ANNE. By W. J. Fraser Hutcheson. Maclellan. 12/6.

The cover to Mr. Hutcheson's book states: "The identifying of the portraits of Anne Whateley and her father, also the discovery of her relatives, friends and enemies, together with examples of her writings, make this book one of the most amazing pieces of literary detective work of modern times." It is rather a parlour-game with anagram, rebus and initials prompted by the record of "grant of a licence for a marriage between 'Wm. Shaxpere et Anna Whateley de Temple Grafton' dated November 27th, 1582." Mr. Hutcheson claims that Anne Whateley was the illegitimate daughter of Captain Anthony Jenkinson and Anne Beck, and that her part was extensive in the writing and publication of much Elizabethan poetry—Spenser's *Amoretti*, *The Shepheardes Calender*, *The Faerie Queene*, the anthologies and many anonymous sonnets of the period. Her identity has been here traced "in dark hints, mysterious allusions, oblique references, differing initials, anagrams, symbols and rebuses." She is the *Ignoto* of many poems, and her portrait is in the Devonshire collection in Chatsworth House.

Mr. Hutcheson in his preface refers to his "swift and shallow skim over Elizabethan literature." "Now that the hunt is on, it is hoped that individuals with time and ability will continue the Ignoto-Shakespeare quest. The author here confesses that he has so many other irons in the fire that he must leave the job where it finishes in this book." It hardly seems reasonable to confine the hunt to one quarry, for it is a method of research adaptable to anyone's fancy. At least the ingenuity shown here is as astonishing as the style.

"In other words, Cuddie-Rosalind did the poetising and the donkey work, but somebody else perhaps collected the shekels and accepted the applause. Sweet little Ignoto sang songs to beat the band, but she did not lift the cash; nor did she bow to the cheers."

THE MAGIC PEOPLE. By Arland Ussher. Victor Gollancz, Ltd. Price 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Ussher's "magic people" are the Jews, and in his introduction he seems to expect that some Jews may resent his bringing into the open the Jew-Gentile problem, thus drawing upon them disagreeable attention. True, some twenty-five years ago when Belloc and Chesterton were in full cry after what they imagined to be the tortuous, slippery enemies of Christendom and when in these islands anti-Jew prejudice was scarce, if dormant, such an open discussion might well have had unpleasant repercussions for the minority. But to-day with Goebbels's ghoulish baying, Hitler's 'hep, hep,' and Rosenberg's genocide sophistries still ringing in our ears, there can be no question of the inadvisability of ventilating a subject which, for many reasons, is very much in the public mind.

Mr. Ussher brings a sympathy as deep as his learning to the unravelling of the complicated skein of history and circumstances which has gone to bring about the palpably un-Christian attitude of some of the followers of Christ towards the people from whom the Saviour has sprung. With what we call 'philosophic calm' Mr. Ussher distributes the blame. He spares neither Christianity nor Judaism, laughing at the Martin Tupperish maxims of parts of the Old Testament, at Solomon's *cliché* wisdom as well as at his Philistinism in architecture—his shocking temple which

was the seed, as it were, out of which rose all our cathedrals—the "one swallow" of monotheism which has carried like the dove that returned to Noah, all our "Summas."

The reader of this review must not be put off by the pun. Mr. Ussher's play on words has a sharp point that does more than scratch the thick-skinned. There are, likewise, suitable palliative epigrams for those of us who are over-sensitive about things immemorially held holy.

To call his book 'provocative' is to understate—the normal fate of the stock term. He annoys only to galvanise into wakeful denial; he pleases only the next moment to deny himself in a contrary parenthesis. Behind the brilliant display of unorthodox thoughts on the interpretation of religion and history through his employment of the sparkling generalisation, recalling the style of his *The Mind and Face of Ireland*, there is a keen contemplative brain and a genuine desire to resolve seriously a situation that must pain all men of goodwill.

The synthesis proposed by Mr. Ussher of Gentile philosophy and Semitic mysticism may be possible, but many will quarrel with the ascription. But whether or not mysticism is more Semitic than Christian or philosophy more characteristic of non-Jews, the blending of the two civilisations without loss of character or face for either should be within the compass of man.

THE LAST OPTIMIST. By J. Alvarez del Vayo. Patnam. 18/-

Under the pessimistic title of *The Last Optimist* Del Vayo has written a curiously fascinating account of his experiences. He grew up oppressed by the grim austerity of *El Escorial* for his father was the military commandant of the adjoining town. Perhaps because all his early associations were with the Conservative Right, he had an instinctive sympathy with the radical Left. While still in his teens he was arrested during a street demonstration and, though this horrified the family circle, it brought him an invitation to write for one of the more outspoken Spanish journals.

This set his course for he obtained a scholarship for a year's study in London during the period when Sidney Webb was a power at the London School of Economics. In London he mixed in literary, artistic and Labour circles. He rejected Fabianism which blurred the sharp outlines of social conflict and had more sympathy with Syndicalist teaching which suited his ardent Spanish temperament. In Paris, too, he met the poets and artists in various gatherings, including the Medrano Circus, which Picasso was making the centre of a new art movement.

Moving on to Germany he entered the University at Leipzig and soon plunged into all the controversies and conflicts which shook Germany on the eve

of the first World War. His own attitude on the war was expressed best by those uncompromising anti-militarists Karl Leibknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. The varying currents of opinion in Germany before the war and after its declaration are graphically expressed. But as a convinced opponent of German militarism Del Vayo decided that the time had come to move on to New York.

The years that followed are a record of his progress as a journalist, not as mere recorder of events for he was never that but as an interpreter as well. During the troubled period after the first World War Del Vayo attended many of the international conferences of statesmen and got to know most of the leading figures. With his knowledge of the world situation he was able to bring off "scoops" for important journals. During this period he became President of the Foreign Press Association in Berlin. All the time he was chiefly concerned with events in Spain for he returned to Madrid in 1924 and acted as Press Correspondent for American and British journals.

After the Primo Rivera military dictatorship, the Republicans rose to power and Del Vayo was an obvious choice as an ambassador abroad. He represented Spain in Mexico for three years. Then came the troubled period which culminated in the civil war. In the struggle against Franco, Del Vayo occupied several positions in the Spanish Republican Government and his chapters dealing with these years constitute a valuable historical record. He writes vividly of events and personalities.

One clear impression that remains is of his own courage and of his disinterested zeal in the movement to end social oppression. He insisted on returning to Spain at the climax of the Civil War and travelled on the last plane to Madrid. Since then he has held an attitude of unwavering hostility to the Franco regime. For the past ten years Del Vayo has been working as a journalist on the editorial board of the New York "*Nation*." But in 1949, he made an illegal entry into Spain, crossing the mountain frontier. His adventures, including his arrest by the Franco police, read like a modern thriller. The whole book should be read for its acute interpretation of world events over the past thirty years.

R. M. Fox.

THE WESTERN WORLD AND JAPAN. By G. B. Sansom. The Cresset Press, London. 42/-.

In the very first chapter of this most interesting volume of 532 pages the author gives us an insight into the character of the work he has undertaken, and the object he sets out to achieve. "This," he says, "is the modern history of Japan—a record of the clash and fusion of two cultures; the development of an Asiatic civilization under the impact of Western habits of life and thought; the response of a feudalistic system based upon agriculture, to the demands of an industrial society. If we are to understand this process we must know, at least in a general way, the shape and the character of traditional Japanese institutions as they had evolved before they came under direct and continuous Western influence." The book is, in some ways, the continuation of an earlier volume by the same author—"Japan" in the same publishers' Historical Series. It carries on the study of Japanese civilization from 1868-94, and into that period is packed an intensive study of Japanese history, religious, political, economic, by the author who has devoted over 15 years of his life to the work.

The first part of the book—171 pages—is devoted to the history of the impact of Western culture with India, South East Asia and China, and then, by far the larger part of the volume to the study of Western influences upon Japan. The author describes Japanese life during the period of isolation after the closing of the country in 1639. He shows how the national culture after reaching a high peak in the early 18th century, gradually declined as it was afflicted by economic, social and political disorders. Western influences which had already disturbed the minds of some Japanese thinkers before 1800 began to operate more powerfully as a disruptive force in the 19th century. Direct foreign pressure came with the arrival of Perry and his squadron off Japan in 1853.

It can be said without exaggeration that among the most interesting phases in the history of Japan's reaction to the impact of Western thought and culture, is one dealing with the religious aspect. It is known that the Jesuit Missioner—Francis Xavier had been in Japan in 1549, and had been greatly encouraged by the reception given him there. In one of his written reports on the subject Xavier wrote: "These are the best people so far discovered, and it seems to me that among unbelievers no people can be found to excel them." Mr. Sansom says of the policy of the Jesuits, that—"they realized that to change the beliefs of a people it was not enough to preach to the poor and the unlearned but that their leaders must be gained over, and for that purpose it was necessary to study the nature of their traditional beliefs. The Jesuit Fathers in Japan followed this direction, with the result that in course of time, despite the great obstacles of strange customs and an extremely difficult language, they gained the friendship and respect of many Japanese of all classes, and acquired a remarkably good understanding of the nature of Japanese life. Their reports and letters give a picture of the civilization of Japan which is probably unequalled for accuracy among 16th century European accounts of Asiatic countries."

But progress in the field of the development of Christainity in Asia at all was real up-hill work that suffered many drawbacks, persecution, and even death, and there is some doubt even yet whether the conversions on the whole were permanent, or due to real conviction, though the author indicates on this point, that Japanese in large numbers sacrificed themselves gladly for the *new* faith. He also refers to the incident wherein the Jesuits committed one mistake, in thinking that as the Japanese received a great deal of their ideas from the Chinese, that they could win them over by harmonizing Christian teaching with Confucianism. This led to disputes—as to whether the translation of the word "T'ien" was a proper one for the word "God" and were traditional Chinese beliefs consistent with Christian faith? The questions were referred to the Holy See in 1645 and Pope Innocent X gave a decision *parte inaudita* which was unfavourable to the Jesuit position. Says the author—"the situation became extremely confused, and the Rites Controversy dragged on for many years, turning into an unseemly wrangle in which European theological and even political quarrels obscured the original issue of evangelical procedure in the Far East. The climax was not reached until 1742 when a Papal Bull finally ruled against the "Jesuit Compromise." In the chapter entitled—a "Discontented people," there is the story of agrarian risings, riots and disorders, in the 18th century because of levies of tax upon rice yields for the feudal lords, and there are tales of famine that read like pages of history from Ireland's famine years.

The remaining chapters deal with the decision of the Rulers of Japan to revise her institutions on Western lines: with certain types of Western influence, and with the reactions they provoked in the field of politics, administration, law, religion and education, literature and arts and social and economic life in general.

Then there are no less than 38 plates and illustrations, including 4 of the Japanese version of Lord Lytton's *Ernest Maltravers*, as well as 2 maps. The whole book is a work of commanding authority by a man who has had a long and distinguished diplomatic career in the Far East, and is widely recognised as one of the greatest living experts on Japan. It will help to stimulate interest with those comparatively few people of the West to whom any inside knowledge of that country was beyond their ken, until they learned of it through what was called the "Chinese Incident" and their interest was re-awakened by that of "Pearl Harbour."

W. J. B.

THE BRITISH OVERSEAS. Exploits of a Nation of Shopkeepers. By C. E. Carrington, M.A. Cambridge University Press. 42/-.

This book, large though it is, is in fact a potted history of the trading and imperial expansion of England. It takes, in turn, every country outside England where England set its feet and traces the first contacts, the settlements, treaties, war, and so on, all over the world, giving the facts briefly, with sufficient comment to make a narrative. It is well illustrated by maps and photographs and it will prove to be an indispensable work of reference to those who are interested in the course of empire from its buccaneering start to its commonwealth end. The author, however, excludes Ireland from his survey, naturally seeing that the imperial attack upon Ireland was of a different sort and its course and its consequences quite different. We evolved out of the empire by revolution, the Dominions by evolution.

Mr. Carrington leaves it to be inferred that the course of empire was on the whole beneficial to the populations concerned. This seems to me a very arguable question. Instead of evolving on their own natural lines towards some sort of natural order, they have all had to evolve on a bartered European pattern towards a hotchpotch, uneasy, ill-digested social and political framework. The crowning folly of the last hundred years may prove to have been the forcing upon black, brown and yellow races of democratic theories and fancies.

P. S. O'H.

TRADITION OF FREEDOM. By Georges Bernanos. Dobson. 8/6.

Georges Bernanos as a royalist and patriot was supremely devoted to the France of tradition, free and civilized, and to the Roman Catholic faith as it was understood and lived by saints. His shame during the 'twenties when his country seemed at the mercy of greed and opportunism, and at Munich and Vichy ("Pétainism, that curious chlorosis of the conscience") forced on him the rôle of prophet. Vehemently he denounced politicians, an ecclesiastical hierarchy that practised diplomacy rather than Christianity, the horrors of the Franco régime. His polemical writings had one great theme: man's predicament and its cause. Bernanos has often been likened to Bloy and Péguy, but the robust tone of his writing has attracted wider attention.

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Tradition of Freedom is at once a tribute to the France he revered and an exposure of dictatorship whatever its form, for "A World won to Technique is lost to Freedom."

"What makes me despair of the future is precisely that the drawing and quartering, the flaying, the evisceration of thousands of innocents has become a business that a gentleman can perform without soiling his cuffs or even his imagination."

"We are not witnessing the natural passing of a great human civilization, we are witnessing the birth of a new, inhuman civilization which can only be established by a vast, an immense, a universal sterilizing of the higher human values of life."

These values, he declared, are already at the mercy of the Machine that destroys man's powers of judgment and therefore his conscience. But France with her tradition of liberty could, he believed, yet save the world. She was the heir to Greek civilization and had laboured long to create free men. "France will not enter the Robot Paradise." This last work of Bernanos with its prescience and integrity is a passionate and moving book.

DE LA SALLE: Saint and Spiritual Writer. By W. J. Battersby. Longmans. 14/-

Rich and belonging to the higher ranks of society, St. John Baptist de La Salle, whose childhood had been marked by piety, became a priest and devoted the greater part of his life to the education of poor children. Dr. Battersby gives an account of his youth and the Religious Order he founded against the background of religious ferment in seventeenth century France; and considers the doctrines and monastic traditions that influenced him, the friends who encouraged his work to save the souls of the poor, and "to raise the despised occupation of charity-school teacher to the dignity of a religious vocation."

If the rules of his Order were rigorous they were not in excess of contemporary religious practice; and Dr. Battersby stresses that in his writings this austere saint was "on the whole extremely moderate"—unless when attacking the Jansenists:

"His chosen superior he obeyed with complete simplicity, and accepted his decisions as commands of God Himself. He was afraid of nothing so much as acting of his own accord, but if his plans received the approval of his Director, he proceeded without the slightest hesitation and regardless of opposition. In a word, he placed implicit trust in Obedience.

Obedience carried so far is frankly distasteful to those who value individual judgment and conscience; but its practice and Faith ("he undertook this arduous task not from any natural inclination or any philanthropical motive, but solely because he thought it was the will of God") were his outstanding characteristics and the source of his strength. The modern reader may also feel that if De La Salle was not in the least affected by the bad odour of classrooms full of poor and dirty children, it was not entirely to his credit; he ought to have been distressed to the point of remedying it. But, remembering that he was of his age, one must respect his sanctity and courage. Readers of devotional works will appreciate this admirable book on De La Salle, and the extracts from his spiritual writings. Together with Dr. Battersby's earlier *De La Salle, Saint and Pioneer in Education* it offers much hitherto unpublished information about an interesting period in French religious history.

THE ROAD TO OXIANA. By Robert Byron. Library of Art and Travel. Lehmann. 15/-.

The accounts of his friends all stress Robert Byron's charm, his gaiety and stimulating if controversial judgments, the range of his interests and valuable studies of Byzantine art and culture, the brilliant future his distinction had promised. Professor Talbot-Rice in his introduction to this illustrated reprint—*The Road to Oxiana* was first published in 1937—refers to it as the last of his 'art-travel books.' Sensitive and provocative writing, fine taste unmarred by preciosity, wide knowledge and engaging humour make it a wonderful piece of work.

From Venice he went to Cyprus—noting characteristically a small asphodel "grey in colour, whose nod is the nod of a ghost"—and after some days in Palestine, Syria and Irak on to Persia, Afghanistan and Afghan Turkistan, in which countries he travelled for several months. Landscapes, buildings and people are all observed with zest for Byron appreciated not only the aesthetically and historically important, but also the hazardous and comical, encounters with nervous as well as with friendly officials, food and wine, solitude and the bazaars. He had a remarkable gift for description. Thus he writes of the dome of the Mosque of Sheikh Lutfullah in Isfahan: "Round a flattened hemisphere made of tiny bricks and covered with prawn-coloured wash runs a bold branching rose-tree inlaid in black and white. Seen from close to, the design has a hint of William Morris, particularly in its thorns; but as a whole it is more formal than pre-raphaelite, more comparable to the design of a Genoese brocade immensely magnified." His quickness of observation was prodigious. In Meshed he entered the Shrine in disguise.

"The whole quadrangle was a garden of turquoise, pink, dark red, and dark blue, with touches of purple, green and yellow, planted among paths of plain buff brick. Huge white arabesques whirled above the ivan arches. The ivans themselves hid other gardens, shadier, fritillary-coloured. The great minarets beside the sanctuary, rising from bases encircled with Kufic the size of a boy, were bedizened with a network of jewelled lozenges. The swollen sea-green dome adorned with yellow tendrils appeared between them. At the opposite end glinted the top of a gold minaret. But in all this variety, the principle of union, the life-spark of the whole blazing apparition, was kindled by two great texts: the one, a frieze of white *suls* writing powdered over a field of gentian blue along the skyline of the entire quadrangle; the other, a border of the same alphabet in daisy white and yellow on a sapphire field, interlaced with turquoise Kufic along its inner edge, and enclosing, in the form of a three-sided oblong, the arch of the main ivan between the minarets."

And all that he saw in a matter of seconds—it being too dangerous for him to linger. Professor Talbot-Rice justly says: "For the reader who meets this book for the first time there is a rare joy in store."

EDWARD MUNCH. By Frederick B. Deknatel. Introduction by John H. Langaard. With 79 illustrations, including 6 in colour. Max Parrish. 21/-.

Edward Munch was born in Norway in 1863. He began to paint at seventeen and before his death in 1944 he had produced a vast number of fine paintings,

drawings, watercolours, engravings and sculptures. His greatest work is in his mural decorations; but the reproductions collected here show that his was "an art which with unchanging intensity proclaims a view of life in constant growth—an art which gives its message as directly through its spirit as through its form. It is an art characterized by a certain visionary and imaginative romanticism."

Professor Deknatel in an admirable essay gives the biographical information that interprets Munch's themes, and traces his development as an artist. The relation of forms to emotional content, the ideological relationship between his groups of pictures: these were problems that concerned him throughout his working life; through phases of Impressionism and Neo-Impressionism, through such influences as Gauguin, Whistler, Rops, Van Gogh, and in his maturity. Professor Deknatel discusses Munch's brilliant use of different mediums and analyses several of his paintings, woodcuts, etchings and lithographs. The quality of the reproductions makes apparent his extraordinarily sensitive, original and serene brooding art.

ONE YEAR OF GRACE. By Val Gielgud. Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd. 10s. 6d.

This book deals with a year's holiday spent for the most part in the United States. Such a book depends on the value of the views expressed, and still more upon the style. Here, the personal opinions are entirely commonplace, the style unfortunate. The author seems to regard the art of writing as a quantitative affair. (In five weeks' typing: "certainly not less than 30,000 words in all. Not too bad. . .").

Mr. Val Gielgud offers a cliché, not apparently with any desire to dazzle but simply because it is easier to compose in phrases than in words. Occasionally the cliché is wrapped in an apology, which is disarming, if you believe in disarmament: "we have found ourselves inextricably involved in what can only be described, albeit with regrettable conventionality, as a 'social whirl'."

It is by no means certain that the author wants to be pompous or pretentious yet he seems unable to achieve simplicity. In place of: The change from New York to Boston, for example, we have: "The effect of transition from the environment of New York to that of Boston. . . ." And so the graceless year drags on, through 168 pages in which the *Daily Mirror* is held up to nature.

Today critics are concerned at conditions that result in many worth-while books remaining unpublished. Why was this ill-favoured thing favoured?

M. C.

WORLDS IN COLLISION. By Immanuel Velikovsky. Gollancz. 15/-.

"I have endeavoured to show that two series of cosmic catastrophes took place in historical times, thirty-four and twenty-six centuries ago, and thus only a short time ago not peace but war reigned in the solar system."

Mr. Velikovsky argues that cosmic collisions are implicit in the dynamics of the universe. He describes the collisions of Venus with the earth and with Mars, and claims that "the earth's orbit changed more than once and with it the length of the year; that the geographical position of the terrestrial axis and its astronomical direction changed repeatedly, and that at a recent date the polar star was in the constellation of the Great Bear. The length of the day altered;

the polar regions shifted, the polar ice became displaced into moderate latitudes, and other regions moved into the polar circles." His authorities are the traditions and literary documents of past ages into which he has made considerable research; and they explain much that has puzzled scientists about the structure of the earth, and its fossils. He affirms that "the religions of the peoples of the world have a common astral origin," and that their legends faithfully record cosmological history.

According to the publishers, Mr. Velikovsky's book has had a curious history. In America its sales have been colossal despite the violently hostile criticism of scientists and a boycott against its first publishers; its admirers are evidently prepared to suffer for their convictions. Whatever the reader's conclusions may be as to the value of its contribution to science and history, at least he will find here a fascinating study of primitive literatures.

JOURNEYS INTO MUSKERRY. By J. C. Coleman. With Illustrations by the author. Dundalgan Press. 6/-.

Mr. Coleman's illustrated account of his wanderings in the country west of Cork city and the Kerry borderland will be useful to the leisurely walker or cyclist interested in archaeology, geology, history, and unfrequented places and old roads. This is an unpretentious friendly little book whose style is unfortunately of an unrelieved flatness. The following is a typical passage:

"Along the limestone valley the Lee meanders against the northern hilly pasture-lands and at Carrigrohane the combined Martin and Shournagh rivers augment the waters. They flow in under hump-backed Crubeen Bridge at the back of the 'Angler's Rest.' The Lee is crossed by a fine three-arched limestone bridge nearly on the main road. Upstream the river is seen curving under a cliff below which the fatal 'Hell Hole' still lures swimmers in spite of its ominous title and records of many drownings."

THE FLEA OF SODOM. By Edward Dahlberg. Peter Nevill. 7/6.

The Flea of Sodom is a book of lament. Its strange cutting beauty and purpose can best be suggested by quotations:

"I hunger to be mythic and to crop the Prophet's footprints!"

"It is better to be slain by a bow of cornel wood or face a warrior in a helmet made of the rind torn from the cork-tree than perish by metal. The weapons by which man dies reveal whether he lived with the roe and the hind close by the founts of Helicon, or in Boreal, gloomy towns."

"Then I labored for the miracle of seeing and knowing, and thought I heard murmuring Euphrates, and perceived the first-born leaves of Eden whose savor of apple, elm and hazel-nut garnished the lips of Jehovah."

"What is beauty? saith my suffering; and he who has not sorrowful windmills in his brains is a pickthank friend to vision."

In an extraordinary landscape of mythology, ancient ritual and poetry, Mr. Dahlberg has set modern man, Breughel-masked. Its bitter cadence, passionate awareness of beauty and tenderness, the tang and wonder of legends, and its rebuke to Progress which is Mammon make every page remarkable. Mr. Herbert

Read in his preface calls it "A book, like Nietzsche's, for all and none; a book, also, for all time."

A BOOK OF THE WINTER. Compiled by Edith Sitwell. Macmillan. 7/6.

Dr. Edith Sitwell said in her book on Pope that "his feeling for this most important matter of texture was so phenomenally sensitive that had the verses been transformed into flowers, he could have told lily from rose, buttercup from cow-slip, in no matter how starless and moonless the night, merely by touching one petal." Her own awareness of texture and fine taste assure distinction to any anthology she may choose to compile.

The arrangements here is a subtle one. First some exquisite translations from the Japanese and Chinese by Arthur Waley and the verses from the Book of Job beginning: "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"; then the chill of ancient passages about northern journeys, the still droop of winter suggested by lines from Donne, Henry King and Wyatt; poems that reflect the season's moods, fifteenth century carols, the city in winter, the 'glittering chimnie' and speculations beside it on ghosts, fairies and even cordials; prayer and death; and finally a sprig of plum-blossom and the first delicate spiralling of spring. There are sonnets by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, poems by Blake, Campion, Herrick, Villon, Mallarme and Baudelaire—to mention only some of the contents. Dr. Sitwell includes a brief passage from Milton and his question: "And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers?"—certainly not the reader of this very lovely anthology.

HANDBOOKS OF EUROPEAN NATIONAL DANCES.

DANCES OF SPAIN. I. By Lucile Armstrong.

DANCES OF HUNGARY. By George Buday.

DANCES OF DENMARK. By Poul Lorenzen and Jeppe Jeppesen.

DANCES OF FRANCE. I. By Claudie Marcel-Dubois and Marie Marguerite Andral.

Published under the Auspices of The Royal Academy of Dancing and the Ling Physical Education Association. Illustrated. Max Parrish. 31/6.

These additions to an admirable little series of handbooks have the same scheme: an introduction by experts giving information about the origins and styles of the national dances, music and costumes, is followed by four selected dances described with step notations and music. Then come notes on the occasions when the dances may be seen, and a brief bibliography. The coloured plates are not all satisfactory but they do indicate costume, gesture and a characteristic moment of the dance. The volume on Denmark stresses the living tradition of the folk dance and the interesting regional costumes worn still on great occasions; that on France describes the styles of dancing in Brittany and the Bourbonnais, mentioning the *vielle* (hurdy-gurdy) known in the tenth century and even now used and made by musician families in two villages. The reader is reminded of the debt to Bartók and Kodály for their separation of the real Hungarian folk music from "the all-pervading gypsy-influenced overlay." The dances of the various provinces of Spain are carefully distinguished and the similarity between Indian and Andalusian styles of dancing is noted,

U.S.A. Containing: *The 42nd Parallel; Nineteen-Nineteen: The Big Money*. By John Dos Passos. Lehmann. 15/-.

THE DEAD SEAGULL. By George Barker. Lehmann. 7/6.

The novels forming the trilogy U.S.A., first published in the thirties, are a remarkable achievement. Mr. Dos Passos's impressionist technique is well-known: the chapters named after the principal characters and linked together by extracts from newspapers, sketches of public figures, glimpses of people on the fringe of the main themes at odd and sometimes distorted angles—people, that is, whom the characters in the novels might have jostled against in their daily life, who might be among their subconscious memories, or who point the text. There is considerable breadth of treatment, the incessant swirl and sharpness of city life, the pressure of man's needs and bewilderment, and a rigorous shaping of the result of the impact of social questions and the first World War on Americans. The characters are vividly drawn, and the fact that most of them are unpleasantly adolescent mentally and emotionally and clumsy in speech heightens the picture of a still raw, insatiable and emphatic continent.

Mr. Barker has attempted to create a prose poem on the theme of a writer's sordid intrigue with his wife's friend. The result has excited the admiration of some distinguished critics. Roman Catholic novelists are sometimes lush and shrill—as here—when they write about generation, as if it were respectable only in terms of Adam's rib. Mr. Barker can, however, write finely, notably about the exterior world; and many of his visual images have a cogent swift beauty, but the pattern of relationship sags so often with violent self-pity that the reader's embarrassment is finally exhausted.

THE LITTLE FIRE ENGINE. By Graham Greene. Illustrated by Dorothy Craigie. Max Parrish. 6/-.

The publishers refer to this little book as "a literary event," and disclose that Mr. Graham Greene is also the author of the earlier *The Little Train*, which appeared under the name of its illustrator, Miss Craigie. One is left to speculate why it was thought necessary to hide its author's identity in the first place, or to reveal it now. *The Little Fire Engine*, for very small children, is an agreeable and suitably illustrated tale. It begins artfully:

"Do you remember Little Snoreing where the little train lived? If you don't you must buy the book about him and read of his adventures when he ran away into the great world outside."

Evidently the youngest modern child is considered susceptible to advertisements.

FRED BASON'S DIARY. Wingate. 8/6.

The diarist is interesting chiefly as that modern social phenomenon, the Little Man of pseudo-democracy. Slum-born, hard-working, of poor physique, Bason begins by winning our sympathy, especially because of his declared passion for the books he earns a living by selling. Then things less pleasant creep into the record. One notes that the author knows a good deal more about prices than literature. And someone has advised him to 'be himself'; and this Bason interprets on the 'get on or get out' model. "The absolutely essential element of success is self-advertisement—and it ain't Shaw but me writing it."

So the Little Man is flattered by Rotarians and B.B.C. stunt merchants, for the encouragement of 'democracy.' Fred Bason is as good as anyone else—

meaning a lot better. Should anyone refuse him their autograph this is just class-snobbery and priggishness. The values of literature are lost and Bason rushes in where Marx and Engels feared to tread.

One might offer advice to the Little Man. One might say to him: Absent thee from publicity a while. Learn from the noblest books that there is an aristocratic mind (Cunninghame-Graham, Wilfred Scawen Blunt, Virginia Woolf) and without such minds democracy will never be anything but a political lie and a mockery. With two days' beard and an old cap on you had the intelligence not to introduce yourself to a young lady: why present yourself to your readers in the language and style of the gutter?

There is a difference between natural dignity and pomposity, between personality and vulgar egoism, between real achievement and cheap success. A love of books can be a precious thing for life, but nothing recedes like success.

M. C.

SOME BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

BY WINDING ROADS. By John Irvine. Illustrated by William Conor, R.H.A., R.O.I. H. R. Carter, Publications, Belfast. 8s. 6d.

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS. Lewis Carroll. Max Parrish. 9s. 6d.

THE SINGULAR ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN. Max Parrish. 8s. 6d.

FIRE! By Marie Newrath. Max Parrish. 6s.

John Irvine has turned his gift for limpid melody to the making of a most attractive book of children's verses. With, no doubt, the aid of a gazetteer or two, he has ransacked Ireland for place names of charming sound and has worked them into songs which may well furnish a teacher with tit-bits to quicken a class's appetite for a dull geography lesson. The thing, as done, looks absurdly easy; but that charm of utter simplicity requires a nicely discriminating ear and an art all its own. Some of the verses are true mnemonics and obviously designed for utility, some are softly sentimental, while some have a cheerful, pawky brusqueness:

In Ballysodare they wear long hair
And some of them curl it and grease it,
But round about Gort they wear it short
And they don't give a fig who sees it.

Five of William Conor's lively drawings complete the airy grace of a happy book for boys and girls.

Max Parrish's edition of Lewis Carroll's unageing classic is excellent value. The paper is good, the type large and clear, the margins adequate, and Tenniel's illustrations are here. There are also eight full pages in colour reproduced from photographs of models by Hugh Gee. These are extremely clever and, although not all grown-ups care for this form of illustration, the children (for whom, after all, they, like the clockwork trains, are intended) will love them.

There are over fifty black and white drawings by Robert Hunt and eight full-page colour photographs of sets by Elias Katzer in the same publisher's *Munchausen* for children. All the original stories by Raspe are included as well as many of the additional tales. Excellent value and the answer to many a perplexed uncle or aunt.

There is something grimly topical, rather than merely seasonable, about *Fire!* It is an illustrated child's guide to the whole apparatus and practice of fire-fighting. It has been cleverly planned by Marie Neurath.